

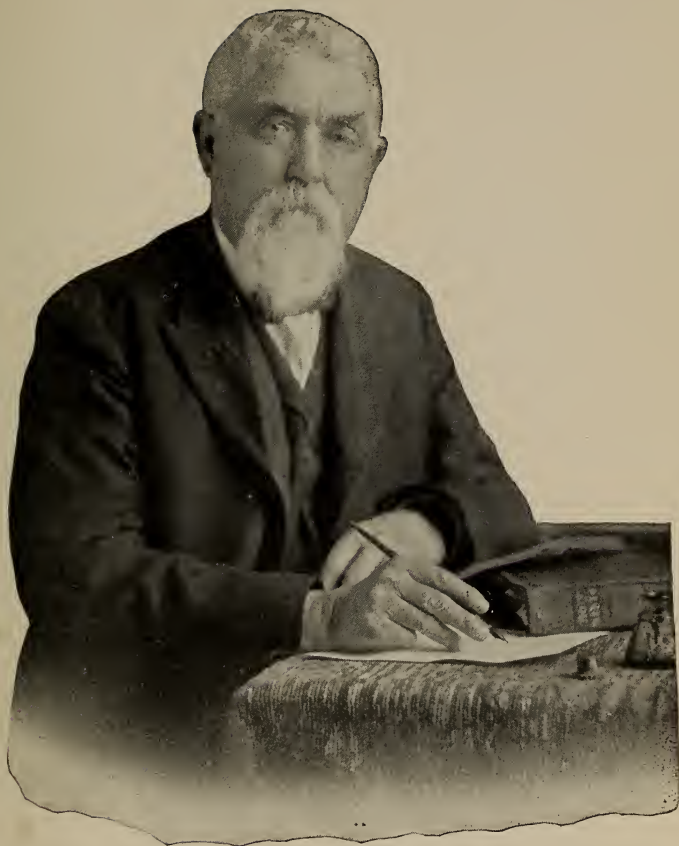


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J. L. BROWN
(Aged 62)

BROWN SCRAPS

A Book of Poems Essays and Epigrams

BY
J. L. BROWN

With an Introduction by
HON. CLARENCE PRICE NEWTON

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BY J. L. BROWN

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1916

DEDICATION

I Dedicate this Volume to Three Friends

Dr. Charles D. Tibbels

Mr. H. H. Shannon

Dr. Wm. A. Wyatt

By whose kindness I have been enabled
to have this book published

In order to know more of them read
Three Friends on page 233

~~\$1.00~~

MAY 19 1916

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no. 1.

PREFATORY NOTE

BY THE AUTHOR

I find myself an Author—more through accident than purpose. Through the swift years of a busy life I never felt that I had either the time or talent to write a book. In spare moments I penned my thoughts, sometimes grave, sometimes gay, and under the title “Brown Scraps” I sent them to newspapers, who were kind enough to print them. My family and friends preserved enough of these “Scraps” in their scrapbooks to make a volume. A number of friends have requested me to put these Poems, Essays and Epigrams into a book. This book is published in compliance with that request.

It lays no claim to scholarship for the Author is not a scholar. If it was not imperfect it would not be like its Author.. It is not expected that this book will receive the approbation of the cold scholarly critic.

Who will weigh each sentence
And measure each verse
Counting one half bad
And the other worse.

The sunshine of human kindness is the thing human hearts long for, and it is the things this Author wants to give them.

If this book can only be helpful

In keeping a mad soul from growing madder,

Or a sad soul from growing sadder,

Or a bad soul from growing badder,

And makes the world to them all look brighter,

And their hearts grow warm, and their burdens lighter,

While the bands of love grow strong and tighter

If it gathers a harvest of such precious grain,

Then the message it bears is not in vain.

TO THE READER

My friend, I'm passive in your hand,

Though naught of you I understand;

I do not know your name nor birth,

Nor what you say nor do on earth.

You may be young, and bright, and gay,

You may be feeble, old and gray;

Into these things I cannot look,

Because you know, I am a book.

This one advantage you have now,
And you will use it, I avow;
I cannot know or judge of thee,
But you can know and judge of me.

You drop me quick or hold me long,
Or call me good, or judge me wrong,
Or treat me any other way,
I'll never answer what you say.

Be what you may, I wish you well,
Therefore in prose or verse I tell,
A thought that's sad, or glad, or gay,
To teach, or cheer you, on your way.

Open my leaves, my pages read,
And see if they supply your need,
Like other books that you have read,
Wrote by the living or the dead.

But books, like men, if you but think,
Are not alike—they are distinct—
In many things beside their name,
Their form, their style is not the same.

So from the living or the dead,
One just like me you have not read,
So take and read me through and through,
And see if you don't find it true.

I do not say I'm better—no—
For such I deem would not be so ;
I only say just what I think—
That books like men are each distinct.

Books are the products of the mind,
And as such differ in their kind ;
Oft different moods of the same mind,
Inside one volume you may find.

I have been growing many years,
Warmed with laughter, fed with tears,
The spirit grave, the spirit gay.
Upon my pages have their say.

Sometimes as light as sunny hours,
Sometimes as bright as summer flowers,
Sometimes trembling like a leaf,
Drenched in trouble, blown in grief.

When people do unite for life,
One as husband, one as wife,
The preacher may these words rehearse,
"You take for better or for worse."

These words to you I now rehearse,
"Take me for better or for worse,"
Accept the good, if such you find,
To faults and follies act the blind.

To quarrel at me will do no good,
It will not help me if you should;
While man can change in way, in name,
A book must stay always the same.

My introduction now is o'er,
About myself I'll say no more;
I hope you'll read me to the end,
And then will keep me as your friend.

INTRODUCTION

My dear friend, Brown, has asked me to write the foreword or preface to this Book of Poems, Essays and Epigrams. I have not read every selection, but I know he has not written anything I could not enjoy reading. Just why Brown selected me to do this, I cannot divine, but I do know that we are congenial minds, even if we do not resemble in age, face, person and church affiliation. I recall that during our short but close association in the Arkansas General Assembly we did not differ on one matter or measure involving a question of morals. I remember that Brown, laughed at my jokes applauded my speeches, inquired of the health of my dear mother, and visited me when I was sick. Likewise, I am reminded that I sat quietly by when he flayed the liquor forces, stood still and heard his latest anecdote, applauded his shafts in repartee, talked heart-to-heart with him in the cloak room and have answered his every letter since.

Brown is a poet, plus. So am I. But I do not write down my poetry, as does Brown. Vanity forbids me admitting that I couldn't if I would. When I was some younger than I now am I tried it. The result did not bring me to the notice of

the great critics But my friend in question is a real poet—not a mere verse-smith, rhymester, doggerel ding-a-linger or plodding platitudinizer—nor is he one of the long-haired variety, who live in the atmosphere of another and strange world, whose dreamy eyes see not the small things of earth. But he combines a fine sense of harmony and color and warmth with an aptitude for fitness, an unswerving fidelity to right and the saving grace of humor.

We are indebted to the poets for more than we realize. It is true that in this age of dollarized ethics we laugh at the poetic tendencies of the young man or woman, yet the thrill from poetry is as universal now as ever, and will be while man continues to be enraptured by the strains of music and the beauties of the autumn sunset. The mad race for commercial supremacy and the hard task of earning bread have reduced the number of poets and calloused the souls of most of us, but the world will “beat a path to the door” of every one that braves the hindrances of the untoward time to voice the sweet impulses that stir betimes the hearts of men and women who suffer and aspire.

Brown has the happy faculty of catching up some pertinent happening and making a point in rhyme. He hits many mighty blows against

the cohorts of wrong in this way; also, he lends encouragement to many good projects by weaving into verse his commendation.

In many of these poems the reader will note the fine philosophy of a man who knows life here, yet has pitched his actions in a key that will bring him to the end of his days with few vain regrets and with a love for humanity that only a great heart can hold. His charity is perennial, for he knows the weaknesses, the common foibles of us all. Put down upon the printed page to endure after he has been called hence, may be read the quaint, loving, patient humorous and hopeful heart-throbs of a true servant of the Master, a real crusader against wrong, a fine companion, a generous foe and common brother to us all, and while you read herein remember that dear old Brown looks out from every paragraph, rounds every corner with the reader and greets you with another impulse when you turn the page, for he writes like he talks and to read him is to know him. Such is the genius of Brown.

CLARENCE PRICE NEWTON.

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THE SUNNY DAY

The day is warm and bright and cheery,
The birds in the sunlight sing quite merry,
The vine clings to the cottage wall,
Its green leaves cluster over all,
And the day is bright and cheery.

My life is warm and bright and cheery,
With love and faith we are not weary,
My thoughts turn loose the mouldering past,
Like faded leaves on the autumn blast,
And my days are bright and cheery.

No human heart need be repining,
Behind each cloud the sun is shining,
And hope is the common gift for all,
Into each life some blessings fall,
To make it bright and cheery.



A duck is a duck, and a!ways will
Walk on a flat foot and nibble with a
bill;
While a tattler is a tattler, old or young,
Working for the Devil with a great long
tongue.



You may call a cat a lion, but it won't
make mane grow on its neck.

THE DEAD YEAR

The clock strikes twelve in home and tower,
 'Tis midnight and the dying hour
For nineteen thirteen now has sped
 To takes its place among the dead.

The north winds 'neath a winter sky
 Through the leafless forest sigh,
Out from the hill, the vale, and sky
 Comes the sad wail, "Old year goodbye."

From whistle, gun, and clanging bell
 We catch the sound, farewell, farewell,
The echo sighs the sad refrain:
 Gone, gone to never come again.

Gone with our hopes, gone with our fears
 Gone with our smiles, gone with our
 tears,
Gone with our joys, gone with our pain,
 Gone, never to come back again.

Now while the world in silence wait,
 Time lifts the latch and ope's the gate,
With banners dark the old pass through,
 With banners bright march in the new.

We say goodbye and drop a tear,
We say good morn with hope and cheer,
Sweet memories to the old year clings,
While bright sweet hopes the new year
brings.

I'D RATHER BE

I'd rather be a fool with an honest heart
And a conscience white and clean,
Than be a Solomon from the start,
With a brilliant brain and a dirty heart,
And a conscience black and mean.
I'd rather be simple in everything
And yet to the garments of honor cling,
And wear them day by day
Then bow to a clique as to a king,
Or work a trick for a whiskey ring
And do their dirt for pay.



The philosophy of human life is to take things as we find them to be, and not as we would have them to be. Some folks hobble through life on sore feet—made sore kicking against things they can not help nor hinder.



Don't cry to live in a gallon bucket, so long as you have plenty of room in a quart cup.

APRIL

April, sweet April, we meet thee again,
Gladly we greet thee, with sunshine and rain.
We know you will gladden our hearts with your
 stay,
No doubt we'll feel sadly when you have to go
 'way.

Perfect in pleasure, a queen thou shalt reign,
Dressing in leisure, both mountain and plain.
The winter king's gone, while spring birds in
 glee
Are singing their songs of chick-a-dee-dee.

The old apple tree has her garments of white
Where the mocking-bird sings to the stars of the
 night,
The honey bees out in chorus are humming
A song to the flowers of summer days coming.

A halo of light 'round the moon is now showing,
And soft fleecy clouds on the south winds are
 blowing,
The sun in the heavens climb higher each day,
And Nature is fixing to welcome sweet May.



Spite work never succeeds in the long run, nor
accomplishes any good in the short run.

THE WEB OF LIFE

The loom of time doth weave away,
The web of life grows day by day.
The web now woven soon will be
The garment worn in eternity.

Weaving wrong and weaving right,
The shuttle stops not day nor night;
The threads it weaves are threads we spin,
The threads of right or threads of sin.

On spindles of heart, tongue and brain
We spin the threads we'll wear again,
Threads of joy or love or strife
Woven into the web of life.

To wear a garment clean and white
In the blest world of love and light,
The way to wear it now is seen,
Keep your spindle bright and clean.



For there is one thing that always is so,
Wherever we be, wherever we go,
In earth, or heaven, or hell below,
Don't you know, don't you know,
Wherever we be, wherever we go—
We reap what we sow,
We reap what we sow,

THE GREATEST THING

The sweetest word that ever hung
 In speech or song on mortal tongue,
To gladden earth or heaven above—
 The sweetest word of all is LOVE.

The greatset word that ever fell
 In earth, or heaven, or in hell,
On Mercy's wand, or Justice's rod—
 The greatest word of all is GOD.

The shortest time we ever view,
 The shortest time one ever knew,
The shortest time, I do avow,
 Is the present time, or NOW.

These three words together take,
 And you will find that they do make
The greatest duty or command,
 It's LOVE GOD NOW, you understand?

THE DAISY AND THE RIVER

The daisy by the river's brim
 A silent message brought to him,
A silent voice of symbol form
 That grew and smiled in sun and storm.

Its slender stems and petals blew
In silence and in beauty grew,
It symbolled not a thing of power,
But sweet contentment every hour.

The deep blue stream sped on its way
With laughing waters day by day,
Shone forth its strength from hour to hour,
A happy spirit linked with power.

He turned and on the viewless air
He breathed an honest, earnest prayer,
That in his life there might be sent
The daisy's spirit of content.

He prayed his life be strong and deep
Like the strong river in its sweep,
But in its current there might be
Mingled the spirit of power and glee.



If the world were a dog, some folks would be its eyes—always looking for something to run after. Some would be its mouth—always ready to bark, growl or snap. And some other folks would be its tail—always behind, either wagging or trying to switch off.



It is said every man has his place, but some men seem to spend a lifetime hunting for theirs.

ECHO LAND

I saunter out on a summer day,
Down a path that leads through a forest
 green,
But I find that others have passed this
 way—
The prints of their feet in the dust are
 seen.

I stand at the rim fo the ocean wide,
Where murmuring waves break on the
 shore;
But footprints gleam down near the tide
That tell me one had come before.

To a rugged nook, in a mountain side,
Near a place where the eagle builds her
 nest,
I climbed and rested; but there I spied
Where a mountain climber had stopped to
 rest.

I entered a cave as dark as night;
No one, I thought, has passed this door;
But letters carved with a stalacite
Told of a party gone on before,

I entered the land of sober thought,
Where I tried to think on a subject new,
But I found in a book that I had bought
Where an author had brought these
thoughts to view.

I stood in a shadow, cold and bleak,
Where the mountain's base just touched
the plain,
Where a sigh, or cry, or laugh, or shriek,
In an echo sound would come again.

Oh, mountain high, do you hear my cry,
Has anyone cried here once before?
Out on the plain, from the mountain high,
Came the echo again, "Here once before."

I turned away in the twilight gray,
And said to myself, I understand
That the path of life from every way
Leads to the valley of "Echo Land."

The sermon or song—preached or sung—
We may value highly as new in store;
But they are not—they are echoes flung
From lips and pens on the bygone shore.

'Tis ours to freshen with tongue or pen
The truth of sermon, the thought of song,
And pass them to our fellow-men
To echo again as they pass along.

JUST TODAY

Just today along the way
Is all we need be knowing;
Tomorrow's storm will do no harm
Until its winds are blowing.

Patience for the present time
To do the things we'er doing;
Patience to bear its joy or care
And help our present going.

The day that's past has gone, alas,
Gone with its grief or gladness;
Why seek the shade that it has made
To keep our souls in sadness?

Why seek to fly or seek to pry
Into the coming morrow;
The most of trouble some folks have
Is trouble that they borrow.

Just let your bridges keep ahead,
Don't cross them 'till you find them;
You'll find the grace to cross the place
So move along, don't mind them.

Look not behind lest you should find
The dark cloud of a sorrow;
Lift up your eyes to brighter skies
That arch the coming morrow.

Each day the sun his course will run
And in that course be shining;
Walk in his light from morn 'till night
Don't spend your time in whining.

Above the sun there ruleth One
Who sees the falling sparrow;
He lives today to guard your way
And He will live tomorrow.

He willed your birth upon this earth,
All things by Him are given;
When life is o'er, He'll give you more—
A lasting home in heaven.



When the clouds look black
And the thunder doth sound,
Some folks make a track
For a hole in the ground.

When it rains you fear a flood,
When it shines you talk of drouth;
If that's your rule you are a fool
And ought to shut your mouth.



Teach your boy if he can't be a president
he can be a gentleman, and that it is better to
be a gentleman and not a president than to be
a president and not a gentleman.

THE TRAMP OF TIME

Tramp, tramp, tramp the march of time
As step by step the fleeting years go by;
Our little life it gives, we just begin to live,
And then it brings the message we must die.

But in the passing years we find
A sunlight glimpse—a protrait of a better clime
That flashes in our thoughts—our mind,
That speaks of rest beyond the shores of time.

We see the cold and pitiless snow,
A winding sheet of seeming death that wraps
the earth;
But soon the south winds softly blow
Slow falls the rain and soon again the spring
has birth.

The unchained rivers murmur in their strength,
As out the silver liquids start their flow;
Sweet April violets cling upon their banks,
Fed by the flashing dew-drops—one time snow.

And so life's winter times will soon be past,
Out from the ice of death our streams of life
shall flow,
And we shall live within that land so vast,
Where at our feet—with fragrance sweet—
Life's flowers shall grow,

NOT POOR

Call no man poor
That wends his way
Among the lowly throng;
That gives relief
To those in grief,
By word, or deed, or song;
That shows the way
To those astray
To reach the better life;
To dry the tear
Within this world of strife.

But poor indeed
Is he who lives
Where want and woe abound.
Who never cares
And never gives
Though gold with him is found.
Who spends his life
With searching greed
And stops his ear
To cry of need,
And shuts his selfish door;
That garners pelf
To fatten self
Is poorest 'mong the poor.

THE TRUE POET

Can you tell, or do you know it,
How the world obtains a poet?
He's born, not made of art or school;
He lives apart from courts of rule.

A son of nature, a friend of art,
The seed of genius is in his heart;
A fountain of love, a mine of light,
That beam in words on fancy's flight.

As it wings its way through leafy June,
Or gathers a ray from the crescent moon,
Or bathes its feet in the restless tide—
That ceaseless beat on the ocean side.

You cannot make a mind like this,
Winged in fancy, filled with bliss,
No more than paint the dazzling light,
Of rainbow hues in dew drops bright.

Or music make like evening breeze,
That softly sings through forest trees;
You can paint the star, but not its light,
That gleams athwart the fields of night.

You can paint the flower with leaf and bloom
But you cannot paint its sweet perfume;
The river paint, in its onward flow,
But not the sound of its music low.

These things belong to nature's store;
We see, we hear them, and adore;
They thrill our mind, they thrill our heart,
They live in nature, not in art.

So the true poet has his power,
In Nature's fountain—like a flower
Or flashing dew-drop of the morn,
He is not made, he must be born.



Sometimes I'm glad
Sometimes I'm sad,
Sometimes I need a little money;
But sing or sigh,
Or laugh or cry,
I'm bound to laugh when things are funny.



Time flies,
While sadness sighs
And Hope paints rainbows
On the skies.



Ducks have two advantages over some
folks—one is they stand flat-footed for things;
the other is, they don't run off and leave their
bills behind them.

TIME'S RECORD

Old Father Time's got down his book,
And turning pages fast,
He writes the record of our lives,
While days are whirling past.
Somewhere we'll meet that record,
When time has passed away,
We'll stand and hear the reading
Of what the records say.

We'll hear in silent sadness
The deeds of sin and night,
We'll hear in joy and gladness
The deeds of love and light.
So do not walk in blindness,
And do not live in hate,
Give to each day some kindness,
Dread not the frown of fate.

Though life may have its fetter,
And darkness comes with night,
Strive daily to be better,
Stand bravely in the fight.
For life is worth the living
If we but live it true,
For what to time you're giving,
Will be given back to you.

HALLEY'S. COMET

Thou Pilgrim on the field of space,
We look with pleasure on thy face;
Thou trembling, traveling star,
So long you've been upon your flight,
Amid the hidden worlds of night,
So deep—So dark—So far!

Your visits have been oft, we're told,
Amid the ages, past and old,
You come—You shine—You go—
No one can tell or time your birth,
Or count your visits to this earth,
No record stands to show.

While viewing thee this clear, calm, night
The wings of fancy take their flight,
Along the trackless way,
Into the ether plains of space,
Where planets doth each other chase,
Throughout the ceaseless day.

The lips of ages long since dead,
Seem waking from their silent bed,
To speak and tell their tale;
And from distant parts of earth,
Nations arise with hidden birth,
That saw thee on thy trail.

Before the wise men of the East,
 Were born to let their vision feast,
Upon that mystic star,
 That shed its silver light through space,
To tell them of the King of Grace,
 Ere that, you had been there.

Before old Rome did rise or fall,
 Or aged China build her wall,
Of strength around her land;
 Before these nations had their birth,
You made your visit to this earth,
 Among the stars to stand.

But few there be upon this shore,
 That's lived to see thee once before,
And few that live today,
 Will live and on the earth remain,
To greet you when you come again,
 As near the earth you stray.

Some the theory now maintain,
 That you may never come again
As you have come before;
 That your race is almost run,
That you'll be swallowed by the sun,
 And perish evermore.

So many things we've heard of thee,
Of where you are and what you be,
That we can only guess,
Whether you will oft return
Or in the sun fall down and burn,
Or which of these is best.

The hand that formed that fiery frame,
Has held and guided well the same,
These times, long ages through,
In all thy sweep through distant fields,
Thy form from him is not concealed,
In azure's deepest blue.

Why should we fear thy coming sweep,
Thou traveler through the mystic deep,
In God's own power we stand,
We stand with him as children dear,
The objects of his love and care,
And you are in his hand.

So standing here this calm, clear night
We watch your trembling distant light;
That in yon heaven burns;
Like you, our lives may pass away,
To gleam within some distant day,
And then again return.

LIFE'S STORM

(Mark iv; 37-41)

'Twas midnight and the sable vale
 Hid every shining star from view,
As fiercer swept the coming gale
 And blacker all the storms cloud grew.
Loud shrieked the storm upon the sea,
 As wave and cloud each other kissed;
Whirl winds rushed both loud and free
 And seething whirlpools foamed and hissed

It seemed a black winged imp of hell
 With wings of wrath that night had fell
Upon this inland sea
 The lightning fire gleamed in his eye,
His black wings spread across the sky,
 As black as Egypt dared to be.

A light boat like a leaf was blown,
 A speck upon the sea it shown
Beneath the lightning glare;
 The silent boatman at the oar
Could look and pray, but nothing more,
 Their face showed wild despair.

But while dashed upon the billow
 There was resting on a pillow
In that ship at sea ;
 While the winds and waves were sweeping
There that form in rest was sleeping
 Just as calm as calm could be.

Till some watchers in the number
 Called and woke him from the slumber
And did tell him of their fear.
 Some faith in him they seemed to cherish ;
“Master save us ere we perish,”
 Ere we perish here.

Looking at his loved ones tearful,
 “Why are ye so weak and fearful,
O ye of little faith,” said he ;
 Then rebuked the winds for blowing
And the waves about him flowing
 And to a calm he ruled the sea.

The black clouds fell as if affrighted,
 In the heavens stars seemed lighted
On their azure throne ;
 Winds no longer stayed to revel
Sea waves lowered to a level,
 Still and calm as stone.

When he stopped the pealing thunder
Men looked on in deepest wonder,
And we hear them saying,
As their hearts beat strong and faster,
“What kind of man is this, our Master,
Winds and sea obey him.”

Saying this if nothing more,
Turning to the waiting oar,
Plying it light hearted.
Soon they drop the dripping oar,
Soon they stand upon the shore,
The land to which they started.

The storm of life is oft time raging,
Dark fears our hearts are oft engaging
In this present world.
Winds of trouble 'round us blowing,
Waves of sorrow 'cross us flowing,
Our tiny bark in peril.

But we have a promise given
That there lives and rules in heaven
He who ruled the storm;
That his care includes the sparrow
That he cares for human sorrow,
And can save from harm.

Sometimes it seems if he was sleeping

While in sorrow we are weeping,
Filled with doubt and fear;

But when by faith to him we are going,
And to him our troubles showing,
He makes our cause his care.

When before him we are standing,

He in silence is commanding
All our troubles fly.

Then is hushed life's pealing thunder,
Then our storm clouds drift asunder
And within the sky.

Shine the stars of hope above us,

God is good and still doth love us,
And doth hold us in his hand.

And though storms may here abide us,
With his hand he'll hold and guide us
To that bright and better land.

Then we bow with adorations

To the Ruler of the Nations
In submission to his will.

When we make his will our choice,
When we hear his loving voice,
Sweetly saying, "Peace Be Still."

LIFE' SCULPTORS

Two sculptors stood
 Each one alone.
By each one lay
 A block of stone
Without a line
 Without a trace
Of any living
 Form or face..

But there was dwelling
 In each mind
Form and features
 Two in kind,
And to each one
 The skill was known
To carve the features
 Into stone.

One turning to the stone
 With mallet stroke
The outline of his thought
 Beneath his chisel broke.
The work went on
 With stroke of skill so true
That on the stone
 An angel face soon grew.

And hovering wings
 In guarding posture lay
O'er a sleeper's pillow
 At the gates of day,
And this glad truth
 Shined out upon its face:
I am an angel
 And in an angel's place.

The other sculptor
 His mallet caught
To carve in stone
 The image of his thought.
With labor's constant stroke
 And chisel keen
A demon almost spoke
 Its horrid form was seen.

A scale clad dragon
 Stood nearby.
The light of hell
 Gleamed in its eye.
So horrid was its form,
 So wretched was its plight,
The heart would chill with fear
 While looking on the sight.

The blessed angel form
 And horrid dragon came
Out of two marble blocks
 In structure just the same;
They were two forms of thought
 In fancy's net way caught,
That the hand of skill
 In marble features wrought.

Each youth today
 Doth like a sculptor stand
With human will
 The chisel in his hand
His future is the block
 Of polished stone
On which to carve
 An image all his own.

One with motives pure
 And thoughts that are the best,
Can chisel out a life
 Of usefulness and rest,
One turning to the wrong
 In thought and will,
Carves out a wretched form
 Both dark and ill.

And at the end of life
 That form will stand
A shame and curse
 The creature of their hand.
And in the judgment day
 When every work shall tell
A gathered world can say
 That soul has carved its hell.

GOD GIVES

God gives to every leaf and flower
 Its gem of sparkling dew;
And in his goodness and his power
 Gives life and love to you.

The star that shines so bright above
 Reflects within that dew;
Let him that lives and rules in love
 Reflect his life in you.

SEPTEMBER

The year is slipping by,
The autumn wind doth sigh,
The clouds go sailing by,
The evening sunset—a brilliant ember;
We hear the song of quails
Float out from hill and dale,
We see the misty veil
On the calm face of sweet September.

THE NOOK OF PRIVATE LIFE

How sweet to turn aside
 From the dusty, musty way,
Where naught is firm or stable
 And nothing good doth stay.

How sweet to flee the hustlings
 Of such folly and such strife;
How sweet to meet the shadows
 In the nook of private life.

In the shadow of your cottage
 Where your wife and children dwell,
Where love and admiration
 In its purest form doth swell.

Where the forest trees are waving
 Green banners neath the sky,
Where the humming bird doth linger
 In the rose bush growing nigh.

Where evening twilight shadows
 Come creeping from the hill,
And we hear the distant calling
 Of the summer whippoorwill.

How sweet to sit and study
 In the dusk of coming night
And view God's sweeping glory
 In the starry fields of light.

And to think of loved ones parted
 Who from us have gone away—
Gone on beyond the shadows
 To the land of fadeless day.

To sit watching and sit dreaming
 Of that land beyond the sky
That will be our home in Eden
 In the coming by and by.

Till awakened from the dreaming
 Of the land of coming bliss—
'Tis our babes 'round us clinging
 For the goodnight, parting kiss.

Yes life is worth the living
 If we do not live in vain—
If we live for those who love us,
 We can live with them again.

I'm glad I own a cottage,
 Though it is not by the sea;
It is better than a mansion
 Could ever be to me.

I would not give the roses
 That are blooming in my yard
For the flash of costly jewels.
 Gleaming over hearts made hard.

By the god of lust or fashion
Or by the greed of gold,
Where love is not the passion
That hearts together hold.

Give me a home of quiet
Full of love and full of rest,
With a board of simple diet
And a garb of simple dress.

LIFE'S GATE

He who sits beside life's gate,
Waiting for some hand of fate
To open wide the same,
Through which will come an honored
name,
A crown of triumph, or of fame,
May sit and wait beside the gate,
But he will find, when it's too late,
He's missed the same.
In every time and every state
God helps the soul to ope the gate
That works to ope the same.
The key of effort when applied
Will cause the gate to open wide;
The key to you is not denied.
Grasp and use the same.

THE COMING OF SPRING

March has come from fields of snow,
Come to let the South winds blow,
Come to let the wild brooks flow
And help the daffodils to grow.

Soft clouds float across the sky,
Wild geese toward the north land fly,
Blue birds sing and flutter nigh,
Warm days coming by and by.

White blooms soon will crown the thorn,
Red clouds fringe the gates of morn,
Sparrows dart about the barn,
Farmers talk of planting corn.

In the twilight dark and cool,
Spring frogs croak from marsh and pool.
Teachers meet and make a rule,
To be broken by the school.

The ground hog now has left his den,
The fattening hog has left his pen,
The farmer's wife has set her hen,
And school boys wish that they were men.



A bullfrog may bellow as loud as a bull,
but he can't hook as hard nor pull as much.

THE FISHER

Little Joe-John-Owens
Was puffing and blowing,
His face wore a happy look.
I won't go, said he, away off to sea
I'll just go down to the brook.
There is a big trout
I guess he will weigh a ton;
He'll get on my line
And then he is mine,
I will pull him in for fun.
He came back all sad,
His luck was so bad,
And this was the trouble, said he.
That naughty trout
Just turned round about
And wiggled his old tail at me.
Don't you know it is so,
Like a child we oft go
To fish in the world for a whale;
But the whale it won't look
At our line or our hook,
But gives us the wag of its tail?



A man blindfolded by prejudice may play
"blind man's buff" with the truth for a lifetime
and never catch it.

A STEEL PEN

I was and am a piece of steel,,
I could not think, I cannot feel,
I could not run, I cannot fly,
I do not live, I cannot die.

For ages buried in the earth
Without desire or thought of birth,
'Till miners, delving with their spades,
Uplift me from my ancient shades.

A new career I then begun
Beneath the circle of the sun,
When from out my grave they brought me
Lessons thick and fast they taught me.

From crusher's teeth to furnace fire,
From form of rock to one of wire,
By hammer's stroke and roller pressed. n
I to my present state was dressed.

I never yet have had a joint,
Though formed and polished to a point,
For I have found since I am older
That I was made to fit a holder.

After to a point they brought me,
A merchant came around and bought me
And I was held with goods in stock
To wait for sale in paper box.

Many came into that store :
The young, the old, the rich, the poor ;
And many things by them were bought,
But none it seemed my presence sought.

But at last I'll have you know it,
The merchant sold me to a poet,
And after that, with great delight,
I learned to do the things that's "write."

The poet dipped me down in ink,,
Then I could speak, but never think,
Though I can cut a master caper
And help a man to think on paper.

Some to steal would feel ashamed,
I am steel, but not the same,
I steal upon the living page
And help this living, stealing age.

For I am sure that many feel
That many works are wrought by steel ;
So broad its use, so great its name ;
So to be steel is not a shame.

My brothers are all formed for use,
From steeple tall to tailor's goose ;
From engine strong with furnace red,
To needle long with silken thread.

Oh I must stop this constant talking,
On fancy's legs I oft am walking;
But if I stop you know I must
Corrode with ink or waste with dust.

So master mind, you now control me,
While within your hand you hold me;
Do not mankind with me abuse,
But keep me for a nobler use.

Write lines with me of living truth,
To comfort age and strengthen youth;
Lines to gleam as stars of light
'Mid the shadows of the night.

The mission to us, both is given,
To show the shining way to heaven;
If you but use me for this end,
Our work on earth God will commend.

Then when my point is worn away,
I back to earth will fall to stay;
And when your brain shall cease to think,
Back to the earth you, too, must sink.

While I am sleeping in the dust,
You will be dwelling with the just;
God made us both, He knoweth best,
He giveth to his creatures rest.

So let us work from morning sun,
And grudge it not when it is done,
So we can hail with glad delight
The soft, cool shadows of the night.

JUST LET THEM MURMUR

If people murmur day by day,
Do not stop to tell them nay,
Just plod along the narrow way,
And let them go.

You may be right or may be wrong,
You may be weak or may be strong;
Just do your best and move along;

Don't let them know
That you know that any doubt you,
That you know that any flout you;
Or that any talk about you,

As you plod along.
Do not hate, nor do not scorn them,
Help if you can, but do no harm them;
Love and kindness both may charm them,
It can't be wrong.

Hand them back some good for evil,
Serve the Lord and shame the Devil;
Live upon life's higher level

Of love and right.
Live up where the sun is shining,
Above the clouds of hate and whining,

Up where peace and love are twining,
Up within the light.
Then when death shall fling her shadow
You will never feel the sadder,
But will only feel the gladder,
That all is well.
You will step with step of gladness
From this world with all its badness,
From this world of human sadness,
In peace to dwell.
In a world untouched by badness,
In a world undimmed with sadness,
In a world of peace and gladness,
Afar from hell.

TRUE AND FALSE DEMOCRACY

THE TRUE

Democracy, thou noble thing,
That spurns the mandates of a king.
Born within the people's breast,
Seeking for them what is best,
Thee we adore.
You seek for laws both pure and good,
You serve the people as you should;
It is your purpose and delight
To give the people what is right,
And nothing more.

You boost no cliques—you serve no kings;
You work no tricks for dirty rings
 To help some scoundrel win.
You are made of higher, purer stuff,
You seek the right, and that's enough;
No dirty boss can run his bluff
 And make you sin.

THE FALSE

Thou Demon with an angel's name,
Your record is one dirty shame;
 You tell me hush.
Your trail is slick with serpent slime,
Your history is a tale of crime;
 May angels blush.
You hold your courts in dens of crime,
You pick your tools and set a time
 And bargain for your gains;
No man will serve you as a tool
Except a scoundrel or a fool,
 One without heart and brains.
Your party song you long have sung
And fooled the people with your tongue,
 You sang their need.
You held the office in your claws
And raised the taxes with your laws,
 And now they bleed.

STORM SCARE

When you see a cloud rise out of the West,
Straightway you say, "there cometh a
shower."

But if it assumes a funnel shape,
You crawl in a hole that self-same hour.

And when you see the South-wind blow,
You say, "there'll be heat—
The almanac told me so."
And hastily you retreat."

Ye fearful ones, you can discern
The face of a bending sky;
Perhaps you yet will live to learn
That almanacs may lie.

It oft may rain, and oft may shine,
And still not do you harm,
So don't complain with a constant whine
For fear there'll be a storm.

The winds may roar, the rain may pour,
And dark may be the storm,
But the darkest cloud, with thunder loud,
Is not above God's arm.

The winds that blow; the flowers that
grow,
Are each within His care;
The lightning's flash, the thunder's crash,
Before Him doth appear.

The sparrow small can never fall
Beyond our Father's care;
His creatures all, both great and small,
His providence doth share

That mighty arm that rules the storm
And holds it in its place,
Doth keep in view His children too—
Then trust Him for His grace.



Some flowers are born to blush unseen
And waste their fragrance on the desert air;
Some men take a horn behind a screen,
Then tell their wives they were not there.



Turn on the water if you will
And make a thrashing, crashing fuss;
But meal comes not from empty mill,
And sermons are not made of dust.

TWO PICTURES

Some picture life a thorny vale,
Where nothing good can e'er prevail,
Where sorrow shrieks in every gale
And danger lurks on every trail.
A vale as dark as midnight hour,
Where sweets we eat soon turn to sour,
Where mildew blight doth blast each flower,
And need and greed doth feed in power,
Where birds of joy never sing,
Where bitter fountains ever spring,
And on each footpath there doth cling
A serpent with a poison sting;
Where life with strife is on us thrust,
Where what is right must waste in rust
And man must live witout a trust,
And worm-like crawl and fall to dust.

Some picture life a vale of flowers,
Kissed by the sun, nursed by the showers,
Where goodness reigns with gentle powers
Scattering blessings through the hours,
A vale of beauty all complete,
Where every bitter has its sweet
And flowers linger at our feet
To cushion thorns we there may meet,
Where Faith unfurls her banners high,
And love doth whisper never die,
And hope points upward to the sky,
And sings you'll live there by and by.

THE WAR

"A murdered man ten miles away
Will hardly shake your peace
Like one red stain upon your hand;
And a tortured child in a distant land
Will never check one smile today,
Or bid one fiddle cease.

To watch the mouth of a harlot foam
For the blood of Baptist John
Is a fine thing while the fiddles play,
For blood and lust are the mode today;
"And lust and blood were the mode of
Rome,
And men go where Rome has gone."

O Europe! Europe! land of learning, land
of art, the sun of centuries has fallen upon you;
historians have penned your name in honor, the
sculptors have chiseled your fame in granite,
the world has wondered at your scientific
achievements, wise men have praised your
schools. Lovers of music have drunk from the
lips of your gifted singers; great men have
wondered at the wisdom of your philosophers;
lovers of men have praised your charity, and
lovers of God have admired your costly temples
and your religious rites. Adventurers, seeking
for pleasure, have climbed your snowclad

mountains, sailed your silver lakes, thronged your populous cities, drank out of your crystal fountains, plucked flowers from your emerald vales, and come away, as artists, to paint your grandeur on the spreading canvass or as poets to sing your glory in the temples of song. Strong men have honored you, wise men have praised you, great men have admired you, good men have loved you, all men have respected you. But, alas! alas! an evil hour has come upon you, a dark cloud has overshadowed you; the War Witch of hell has entangled you in the meshes of her enchantment, turning your heart to stone and your blood to fire. The moving of your power has become as the accursed chariot wheels of juggernaut, crushing under its hellish tread the breaking bones, the quivering flesh, the dripping blood of your own kith and kin. Instead of being an angel of light and mercy, you have become a dark-visaged demon of destruction and death. Instead of putting bread into the mouths of helpless children you are putting the pointed spear and the leaden bullet into the hearts of their parents; you have disgraced your religion by freighting your hot breath with a prayer to Almighty God, while you bathe your hands in the heart-blood of his innocent children. Broken-hearted widows, with starving children, crouch in the night-shadows near where the driven snow mingles

with the ashes of their one-time happy homes, while their sobs and sighs are borne out on the pitiless wings of the north winds. Such scenes are enough to chill the heart of humanity, mantle the face of angels with the blush of shame, and cause all the heartless bloodhounds of hell to howl for joy. The storm winds of this wicked war have driven the ship of progress back across the seas of a living century. O Europe! Europe! you have sown to the winds and you must needs reap the whirlwind. You have stifled education, crippled science, shamed morality, outlawed justice, soiled the skirts of virtue, dishonored the banners of peace, disgraced your religion, slaughtered humanity and mocked at God. Let not an honest world hear you lay claim to knowledge, to virtue, or to religion. Go bury such claims with the bones of your ancestors. Go then and change your modern dwellings into the wigwams of the savage. Burn down your school and church buildings and erect fortresses in their place. Cast away your garments and don your war-paint and breech-clout. Swap your books for the bow and the battle ax. Instead of drinking the communion wine from your silver cups in your solemn Sabbath services cast them aside and drink the blood of your enemy from the white skull of a war victim. Instead of singing the songs of Zion in the house of God yell the

war-hoop in your dance at the camp-fire. Let your outward appearance be in harmony with your inward spirit. For instead of standing before the world in the light of civilization and Christianity you parade in the garments of the Dark Ages, illuminated with the hellish fires of hatred, ignorance, superstition and death. But while the morning sun shines on the land of Europe with its carnage and blood may it ever cast its evening light upon our beloved America sitting at the feet of Jesus, in her right mind, and clothed in the garments of love and peace, while in the language of Henry Timrod, our sleeping Southern son, we pray:

“Let every sacred fain
Call its sad votaries to the shrine of God
And with the cloister and the tented sod
Join in one solemn strain.

“He who till time shall cease
Will watch the earth, where once, not in vain
He died to give us peace may not disdain
A prayer whose theme is Peace.

“Peace in the quiet dales
Made ranky fertile by the blood of men,
Peace in the woodland and the lowly glen
Peace in the peopled vales.

“Peace in the whirring marts,
Peace where the scholar thinks the hunter
 roams;
Peace, God of peace! peace, peace, in all our
 homes,
 And peace in all our hearts.”

IF YOU WOULD

If you would climb up in life
Above the worry and the strife,
Above the fog cloud and the rain;
Then do not murmur nor complain,
Just wait—and smile—and push.

If you are seeking honest gain,
Your seeking will not be in vain;
Just work along from day to day,
Some good is sure to come your way
If you—stick—to your bush.

Do not drown yourself in tears,
Do not dim with grief your years,
Do not cross the bridge of sighs;
But look and see the star-lit sky
Then laugh—and wait—and push.



Don't kill a bird for its song, nor marry a
woman for her beauty.

OCTOBER

October's come with golden sheaf,
With tints of crimson on the leaf.
The west wind drives the rain.

The autumn hay crop now is lost
With soaking showers and biting frost
That fixed our peas and cane.

Dark clouds go scudding 'cross the sky,
The summer birds do southward fly
Where winter birds all hatch.

The autumn wind doth howl and blow
'Cross fields of cotton white as snow,
And undug 'taters in the patch.

Our summer duds are laid away,
To wait some brighter, warmer day,
The hearth fire brightly gleams.

Dark shadows dance upon the wall,
While rain in torrents outside fall
To swell the sluggish streams.

No bird its mate doth kindly call,
While rain throughout doth blindly fall,
The moon won't shine one little bit.

The farmer looks up toward the sky,
And mournfully heaves a pensive sigh,
And says, "I wish this rain would quit."

RUB THE RIGHT WAY

You rub a cat the right way,
It will show but cushioned paws;
You rub a cat the wrong way,
It will scratch you with its claws.
You treat a man the right way,
You will make of him your friend,
You treat a man the wrong way,
He will hate you to the end.



John Sherman did one great truth tell
When he remarked that war is hell.
If such be true, then we all know
There's hell in Europe and Mexico.
I thank the Lord I do not dwell
In either place if they are hell.
I'd rather have a bed of straw
And live in peace in Arkansas.
Where women smile and babies sleep
And war's hellhounds never creep.



Some folks talk so much
About the things they've got
If you'll examine them
Their upper jaw is sot.

WHAT IS POETRY?

It is—

The tongue of eloquence—
The spirit of music—
The soul of sentiment—
The light of liberty—
The song of peace.

Without it

Ambition would be an eagle without wings,
Art, a painter without a brush,
The soul of sorrow would weep in silence,
And the cause of justice and mercy would
fail for want of an advocate.
Literature would robe itself in the mist of
night, shadows
Without a moon-beam, or star-gleam to
fringe its garments.
Religion would stammer for want of a
tongue,
And love would droop in the dungeon of
silence.

Poetry

Sounds the alarm of danger,
Tunes the bugle notes of combat,
Unfurls the banners of war,
Garnishes the monuments of heroes,
Sings the symphonies of peace,

Chimes the bells of joy,
Paints the rainbow of hope on the storm-
clouds of sorrow,
And gilds the altars of Christianity with
the light of heaven's glories.

A frog in a bog saw a dog on a log,
And at him got thoroughly disgusted;
It's sad for to tell the fate that befell
That frog that did swell and swell till he
"busted."

So when you get mad at a man or a lad,
Don't swell up and seek to strike him,
But think of the frog that lived in the bog,
Lest you swell up and burst just like him

If you can't be a king
And make lots of money
You can sing and grow fat,
You can laugh and be funny .

Never load a cannon to shoot a gnat,
Nor burn your house to burn a rat,
Nor lose your head to save your hat,
Nor any other thing like that.

Sin is sin in garments black or white
Sin is sin in either day or night;
Sin is sin, ever wrong, never right;
Sin as sin we should never fail to fight.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading white oak tree,
The village blacksmith stands,
With one big patch upon each knee
And coal dust on his hands,
He puffed his smoke and told his joke
To please the village hands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan,
He sings aloud a witty song;
He is a funny man;
He cracks old chestnuts every day,
Then winks his eye at Dan.

Week in, week out, from morn 'till night,
He helps his bellows blow;
But they can never blow like him,
For want of wind you know;
His yarns he never ceases to tell
'Till the evening sun is low.

The children coming home from school
Look through his open door;
They stop to watch him act the fool,
And hear him laugh and roar;
They hear him tell some great big lies,
Then ask him to tell more.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among the boys,
Outside beneath an elm tree
He seeks his Sunday joys;
He talks aloud among the crowd,
The service he destroys.

The people hear his sounding voice,
But not from Paradise;
The fathers call away their boys
To give them some advice;
They tell them that the blacksmith
Has sure not acted nice.

The blacksmith rising from his seat,
His homeward way pursues,
A big cold dinner then he eats
And drinks a mug of booze;
He crawls in beneath the sheets,
And then he takes a snooze.

The night goes on, the day doth break,
He rises from his bed;
He tells his wife he has an ache
Somewhere about his head;
He thinks it is the bread she bakes
On which he has been fed.

Before he starts to find his shop,
She tells him what she thinks;
If his aches he wants to stop
He'd better stop his drinks;
He stops and lo! he meets a cop,
Who nabs him in a wink.

Then to the court he takes his sport,
To answer for his crime;
He feels so bad, he looks so sad,
The judge looks so sublime;
Ten dollars and the cost, says he,
Is what you get this time.

The blacksmith stands inside his door,
While loud his anvil rings,
He tells his ugly jokes no more,
No vulgar song he sings,
To cause a vulgar crowd to roar
He's quit such naughty things..

The blacksmith goes to church today
He sits inside the door;
He hears the people sing and pray,
And hears the deacon snore;
He says he was a bad man once,
But he is bad no more.

His shop is now a decent place
Beside that white oak tree;
He has no smut upon his face,
No patch upon his knee;
It is a work of saving grace,
It keeps him from his spree.

His neighbors give him work to do
To help him all they can;
The children talk of him as new,
A one made over man.
No time to lose, no cash for booze,
He never winks at Dan.



Pray in the morning twilight,
In the dawning of the day,
That you may think and talk right
And walk right in the way.
Pray when the twilight shadows
Darkens the setting sun,
That God in love and mercy,
May pardon the wrong you've done.



It's hard sometimes
To make some rhymes
And hold yourself up funny,
When you are over run with work
And under run with money.

CROSSING THE LINES

Riding with my friend one day along a public highway, I remarked, "Do you see anything running across the road before you?" "Nothing," said he. "Strange," I remarked, "for the county line between Independence and Sharp Counties runs across the road just ahead of us." Hundreds of people cross this line without thought or knowledge of it, and so with many other lines of separation. One time we crossed over the line separating the blank of Infancy from the territory of Knowledge and Memory, but who is able to mark the line of separation? Who can remember and tell us the first thing they do remember? Again, multiplied thousands cross daily over the lines that separates youth from manhood and womanhood.

There is a place, we know not where,
A time, we know not when,
Where women left their girlhood days,
And boys give way to men.

Again we cross over the line between youthfulness and old age, and know not when we cross. Oliver Wendell Holmes has well said that, "Old age will walk with man as his companion for five or ten years without man recog-

nizing his presence or owning his acquaintance. These things exchange places so silently, so quietly, that for days, or weeks, or years, we fail to note the changes. These lines run not straight, but zizgag, so that two walking side by side, one crosses before the other.

The question is sometimes asked, when does the child cross the line into moral accountability? That line is unmarked by an age limit. There are so many things to be reckoned with, such as natural endowment, moral training, dominating environments, etc. Some cross years before others, some never cross years before others, some never cross. Like Florida and Canada crossing the line from winter to summer—

One is fanned by the south breeze,
The other by the northwinds blown;
One hovers near to the tropics,
The other the frozen zone.
One has the flowers of orange,
The blushing, blooming rose;
One has the frost of winter
Wrapped in unmelting snows.

The line between wakefulness and dream-land is passed in an unconscious state. We know when we are traveling towards it, we

know after we have passed out of it; but the wisest know not when they enter nor while they pass through.

It is a great blessing that the hand of a merciful Providence has hidden these things from our eyes, so that we have a painless transition from the one state to the other. Men dread old age, they shiver at the thought of stepping into the land of sunset shadows, and yet multitudes find more real pleasure there than they were ever able to find before.

Life in youth is a tree, clad with bloom and leaf; Life in middle manhood a tree with green clusters of unripe fruit; Life in the dawn of old age a tree with clusters of ripened fruit. Life in old age may stand as a tree without leaf or fruit, but through its boughs we may look and see the laughing stars on the face of heaven.

Sometime, somehow, somewhere, we will all cross that mysterious line that separates this world of dust, and toil, and weariness from the land of the now unseen hereafter. I am persuaded we will pass it without taking thought or knowledge of the passing. It will be a conscienceless, quiet transition

From the life of pain and sorrow,
From the life of toil and grief,
Where the work unfinished falters,

And the northwinds hurl the leaf
From the tree of its early budding
To leave the branches bare,
Where rivers of grief are flooding
The face of the valleys fair.

Into the sunlight harbor,
Onto the golden shore,
Into the fields of glory,
Where mortals weep no more,
Where the thought of the bygone sorrow
Will be a forgotten story,,
Where the ever-coming morrow
Will fill and thrill with glory.

DIFFERENT PREACHING

Some men preach about Christ;
Some men preach about creeds.
Some men preach about the world,
And some about the world's great needs.

Some men preach against the dance;
Some about Aaron and his calf.
Some men, when they get a chance,
Preach about an hour and a half.



If your padlock's weak or lame
It tempts the thief to pick the same.

THE SUNDAY HUNTER

A boy named Digs had some bad habits;
One was on Sunday he would hunt rabbits.
His little dog "Pen" whose full name was
Penny,
Treed rabbits and rabbits, a very great many.

One day he went out with his little dog,
That soon went to barking and scratching a
log,
"I'll get you," said Digs, "you cotton-tail
sinner,
I'll skin your hind legs and have them for
dinner."

He ran his hand in and thought he would get
him,
But it was a snake that sure enough bit him.
He gave a loud squall at the top of his breath
And jerked his hand out scared almost to
death.

He cried and he cried and then he cried
more,
His hand that was bitten was swollen and
sore.
He said to his mother, "I know why this pain,
I'll never go huntin' on Sunday again."

THE HERO AND SHERO

The Hero told of shot and shell
And how his foes around him fell
 On fields of running blood.
His comrades give a knowing wink
And then they took another drink
 And struck for home through mud.

The Shero stood beside the gate,
And waited for the Hero late,
 The clock struck from the tower.
"To stay this way it is a shame,
He'll hear from me about the same,
 This is the midnight hour."

She stood, and stood, until she knew
She saw a form come into view,
 Then cried out loud and shrill:
Who is it on this street so late,
Who cometh here unto my gate,
 Tell me, is that you, Bill?

Yes, it is me, my dearest dear,
I'm glad to meet you waiting here,
 Now listen what I say:
I started home—yes, very soon,
I walked so fast—I left the moon,
 And then I lost my way.

Oh Bill, and did you get my hat,
The fifteen dollar one at that,
 I showed you at the store?
Just let me think—one little bit,
I think I did that hat forget,
 Oh dear, don't weep no more.

The Shero took him by the beard,
A thump or two the night winds heard,
 That made them stop their roar.
The Shero then went to her bed,
The Hero held is aching head,
 Outside the kitchen door.



A bald head man lay down to sleep,
 Upon his downy bed.
A bold house fly began to creep
 Across his shiny head.
I do declare I want to swear
 When things like this do come;
But as I can't—I guess I shant,
 I guess I won't—by gum.
By the by I'll swat the fly
 Before he further creeps.
He slapped his ear—he shed a tear,
 And then he fell asleep.

**DON'T BORROW SORROW FROM
TOMORROW**

When the sun is bright,
And the skies are blue,
And the day looks glad,
As the days oft do,
And the birds sing with a charm,
Don't shadow the light
That shines in view,
Grow gloomy and sad,
As some oft do
In fear of a coming storm.

Some fear the rain,
That never will fall,
And look for troubles,
That never will call,
They think they will call tomorrow.
They look with spirits
Both sore and sad.
They trouble with trouble
They never have had,
And out of it build their sorrow.

Be glad for the good,
That comes your way,
Be glad for the sun,
That shines today,
And makes the old earth warm.

Don't dread the cloud,
That may rise tomorrow,
Dread is the road,
That leads to sorrow.
Hope, gives the world its charm.

Hope and the world looks bright,
Dread and the world looks blue,
Hope and your heart grows light,
Dread and the world dreads you.
Hope, there's a God above you,
His promise is broad and true,
Hope and the world will love you,
And heaven will swing in view.

THANKFULNESS

Thanksgiving Day is near at hand
When all the people in all the land
Are called upon to look to heaven
And offer thanks for mercies given.
I thank the Lord for what I've got;
I thank Him for what I am not.
I thank Him much as you may know
That I don't live in Mexico,
Where they all have so many spats
And all outfight Kilkenny cats.
I'm glad I live this side the sea,
Where we have peace and liberty.

Though lands are high and money scarce,
I'd rather walk than ride a hearse.
I'm glad I am no German man
Named "Shon," "Shacob," Fritz or Hans.
For this I say, it is one fright
To think how Germans have to fight
To gain and hold a high position
To gratify a king's ambition.
I'm glad our nation now can sing
No man can rule us as a king.
God save the poor in every land
Who must obey the stern command
Of some vain wretch whose greed for power
Would kill a nation in an hour
And with his power would build up thrones
Drenched in blood, and fenced with bones.
And curse his country through the years
With widow's wails and orphan's tears,
And never stretch his hand to save
A son or brother from the grave.



When they got married
The preacher pronounced them one—
Then began the fuss and fun,
Lasting oft from sun to sun,
And throughout their life it run
Just as fierce as when begun,
Fighting over which was the One.

BOOKS

Before me sets a wooden desk without brains to think or heart to feel the pulsations of this great throbbing current of life about us.

Yet within its precincts are imbedded star-beams from the world's mental galaxy.

Wave murmurs coming into us from the great ocean of human thoughts.

Books, books, big and little, thick and thin, old and new, wise—unwise and otherwise. Brain echoes sounding from the pen points of

Bards, Patriots, Nobles, Sages,
The thinkers of all ages
Whose words form history's pages
And time's great volume make."

Books, books, books, so many links in the golden chain that binds together in one great compact all nations and all ages. Books are the telescopes through which we look in the deep dark vaults of the hidden past and behold in wonder—the mind stars of the old world's great thinkers.

Stars that gladden our hearts and inspire our spirits with their brilliant scintillations. By the light of books we see this world rocking in

the cradle of infancy. When the brow of morning was unveiled with mist—beauty free from deformity—music without discord—and virtue untainted with vice. When he who formed the earth and swung the stars and scooped out the oceans, condescended to come down through the avenues of his mercy and walk and talk with man while the soft, south winds lingered amid flowers and toyed with the vines in the cool shady bowers of happy Eden. Before the song of bird had ever thickened in the cold throat of death, or the petals of the flower faded in the fingers of decay.

Through this glass we see gather the storm clouds of sin over which play the lightnings of God's judgments writing with fingers of fire the sentence of death.

There is a sound coming out from that old desk. Listen! what is that murmur that grows from a whisper to a whirlwind. It is the bugle notes of Alexander's men marching from Macedonia—of Napolen climbing the Alps—of Wellington charging 'neath the banner of Britian to meet the man of iron destiny on the bloody field of Waterloo—of Washington and his noble crew fighting for life and liberty, for home and native land. With the shouts of triumph we hear min-

gled the screams of anguish, the sighs of sorrow,
and the sad, sad wails of death.

Oh History, History with your sad, sad wail,
That makes us loathe the past and dread
tomorrow;

Your lips do tell us such a sad, sad tale,
That burns our hearts with flames of
sorrow.

We cannot trace on time's great face
The reasons why for so much sorrow,
Unless it's right for the world's dark night
To pave the way for its bright tomorrow.
The fires that burn in the bowels of earth
Have made it quake with eruptive powers,
And give our islands their glad birth,
The home of birds and fruits and flowers.
And so from battle fields of blood,
On which has frowned dark indignation,
Has gathered the better things for good—
Religion, science and education.

Let us live today in such a way,
Shunning crimes which the past did fetter
That he who reads of us may say,
"I see the world is growing better."

I dream the angel of fancy enters my room,
He touches that old desk with his wand and
converts it into a telephone. I hear a hello

coming from the past to the present. I grasp the receiver and listen. There is a din of voices—who are they? One is Adam. He tells me he has lost Eden but has a few good things left:

Eve his wife for association,
The world his field for cultivation,
The sun-crowned days for occupation,
The sweet, calm nights for meditation.
A promised Christ for consolation,
A life to come in anticipation.

We hear the mother's silver laugh ring out as Eve watches Abel gambol with his lambs in the meadow, while Cain wades through his clover fields and Seth catches his sun perch from the waters of the Euphrates. Silence reigns.

Time flies, sadness sighs
New stars hover in the skies,
Sin gains, death reigns,
Till through the flood,
The world is slain.

Oh, such a din of noises comes down the wire of time.

Hark, hark, it is the Ark,
Floating 'neath the storm cloud dark,

Listen at the wild waves splashing,
O'er the mountain tops now dashing,
Waves so high had never been,
Waves of Judgment washing sin,
Wailing waves beneath the cloud,
The world's great funeral grave and
 shroud,
Hark, hark, all is dark,
Nothing saved except the Ark.

Next I hear a trumpet call,
Then I hear a hammer fall,
As a structure rises tall,
It is Babel's polished wall.

But the builders were not wise,
As they built it toward the skies,
Babel's wall soon must fall;
It was human, that was all.

I listen. The Campbells are coming. The
tinkle of their silver bells is borne on the even-
ing breeze to Isaac in the field of meditation.

He don't retreat,
He goes to meet
The coming Campbells
In the street.

Though the bells chimed long ago,
With their silver notes so low,
One thing that made their chimes so sweet
It was because two lovers meet.

Time doth come and time doth go,
And from these two a nation grow.

I put my ear to the phone and I hear the
cries of that nation as they are driven by their
Egyptians taskmasters to build the pyramids of
ancient fame—again I hear them chant the
songs of deliverance on the banks of the Red
Sea and sing the songs of contentment on the
vine clad hills of Palestine. Other nations speak
to us and other men tell us of their achieve-
ments.

Greece tells us of her temples of art,
And Rome of her western civilization.
Columbus of his new world,
With its rivers, lakes and fountains,
With its valleys, hills, and mountains,
Galileo speaks of constellations;
Harvey teaches circulation;
Newton sings of gravitation;
Magellan, circumnavigation;
Christ proclaims to every nation,
The glad news of free salvation.

And now old desk, you've made me chatter
About your books and bookish matter.
Solomon, our wise old friend,
Said of book-making there's no end.
So while old Time has day and night,
And this old world has wrong and right,
The pen will move the mind indite,
And living men will think and write.
Poets will write of life and love,
Prophets tell of worlds above,
Let the lawyer talk of laws,
Itemizing clause by clause;
Let doctors tell us of disease
And the drug to give us ease;
Let science tell us of her arts
And fiction writers touch our hearts;
Historians bring to us the past,
Of what did bless and what did blast.
Some will believe and some will doubt
 them,
But the world can't do without them.



You may fix a lie so it can fly.
To hold and prop it you may try,
To show and blow it you may cry,
But folks will know it by and by,
And when they know it, it will die.



Don't cry for the pie you ate yesterday.

DON'T KICK

Don't go kick a man
That is wounded and sore,
He's been kicked enough,
Please kick him no more.

He may have gone wrong,
That's brought him his shame,
It may not be long
'Till you'll do the same.

Don't kick with your foot,
But lift with your hand.
It's lifters, not kickers
That are in demand.

For you
The stars shine as brightly,
The dew falls as lightly,
The birds fly as sprightly,
The flowers bloom as sightly
As for anyone else—
Don't grow grouchy.



Life is a good thing
If with goodness you fill it.
Life is a bad thing
If you let badness kill it.

GONE BUT NOT DEAD

(In Memory of R. B. Bellamy)

God gave a noble soul
To live, and love and wait,
To warm our hearts with love,
To point our hopes above,
And then pass through the gate,
But not the gate of death.
Men worthy of the name
Live on—they never die,
Their spirits pass away
Into a brighter day.
We'll meet them by and by.
Our memory holds them dear,
The look, the voice, the smile,
Though they from us have gone,
Their words and deeds live on
We'll meet them afterwhile.



If you want to kill error expose it.
To drive darkness from a room,
Don't try to sweep it with a broom;
The way to make it takes its flight
Is just to strike it with a light.
Truth is the great anecdote for error—the
light that drives it.



You cannot help another without helping
yourself,

SISTER HYSTERICS

Old Sister Hysterics

Lay sick in her bed,
A pain in her stomach,
And one in her head.

She sent for the preacher
The Bible to read,
Its message of comfort
To her in her need.

The preacher, he came,
With sad solemn look,
Saying, "Where will you have me
To read in the book?"

"Go read me that chapter
Where Moses did call
Out of the whale's belly
To David and Paul.

"Saying down in this whale,
And down in this sea,
I'm almost persuaded
A christian to be."

P. S.—He never found it, or hadn't the last
time I heard from him.

GIVE

It's a good thing to live,
For life is worth living ;
It's a good thing to give,
When things are worth giving.

Give God your heart's trusts,
He watches and feeds you ;
Give the world a good lift,
For it's children now need you.

Give your fears to the wind,
Let it blow them away ;
Trust the Lord and do good,
And be happy each day.

OLD SAYING

There is a saying that long has been,
"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."
But one thing we must understand,
It can't without a helping hand.
Another thing we've sung for years,
That error 'mid her worshippers
"Will writhe and die in pain,"
But error never did that trick
'Till some one hit it such a lick,
It could not live again.
So if you want to live that song,
Go lift the truth and kill the wrong.

LOVE ON

Love on, though many prove untrue
And fail to heed thy kindness;
Stand for the right—love with delight,
Though others hate in blindness.
We know it's best—for love is blest,
Hate is the soul's dark fetter;
Then work and pray—and love each day,
For loving hearts grow better.

JANUARY

January bold and dauntless
Scales old Winter's rugged height
With his spangled garments gleaming
In the irridescent light;
And he walks with step magnetic
While we hear the joy bells ring,
As they greet the happy New Year,
Whom they honor as a king.



May we enter this new year
With will and purpose strong and clear,
So that when its course has run,
Our conscience may exclaim, well done.

ARKANSAS GONE DRY

The very best and brightest state
That's numbered with the forty-eight
Her star doth gleam as bright as gold
Upon on Glory's silken fold.

The time is near at hand when not only her
own children, but strangers in a strange land
will prize her as

A STATE

Whose mountains steep, and valleys deep
Have fruits and grain all growing
With sunlit hills and sparkling rills
Where fatted herds are lowing.

Her rivers hold the rarest pearls,
Bright diamonds in her mountains,
With wealth of soil, for all who toil
And health within her fountains.

Within this land a people stand—
To know them is to love them;
Hunt soon or late, through any state,
You'll find no folks above them.

But there has been one awful sin
 Within this state to revel.
Why call its name, you know the same;
 It is the Whiskey Devil.

He's blown his breath, likes fumes of death,
 Within her vales and mountains,
He stoled her wealth and wrecked her health
 With flowing poisoned fountains.

He's sent his flood of tears and blood,
 With sighs and heartaches blended,
He's had his time of blood and crime,
 Thank God, his rule is ended.

We'll drive him out with song and shout;
 He must give up his station.
The time's not late when every State
 Will drive him from this nation.



"Did Dod dive us the babe?"
Said little blue-eyed Jack.
"If he did, I'll phone him
To tum and take him back,
To take him back to hebun,
 De place he ought to be
'Till he dits dun dat squallin'
And grows as big as me.

LITTLE MAUD

Out in the silent city,
Where many loved ones sleep,
Out where the moonbeams glitter
On stones by the grassy heap,
Where the songbirds sing in gladness
From their cool and leafy bowers,
Where southwinds sigh in sadness,
And dark clouds weep in showers,
There little Maud is sleeping
The sleep of the silent blest,
While God her soul is keeping
In the home of endless rest.



The God of all grace
That giveth the race
Knoweth best when it is run.
He, too, knoweth best
The time to give rest
His will, not ours be done.



When rest is won by labor done
Life's current runs a placid river.
Labor and love, laws from above,
Give blessings that flow on forever.



No law yields a greater benediction than la-
bor's law to the true servant.

TO THE DEVOUT SOUL

God whispers in the breeze that blows,
Writes his purity in the snows;
Walks in silence through the night,
Greets the world in morning light;
Rides the ocean and the storms,
Holding clouds within his arms;
He laughs within the brook that flows,
And blushes in the opening rose;
Smiles in the sunbeams as they fall,
Scattering blessings over all;
Speaking from the earth and sky,
"Fear ye not," for "it is I."



Some bright, giddy girls,
With sweet, kiddy curls,
Went out with some "sports" for a ride;
Their mothers said no,
But the girlyies would go,
And now their disgrace they can't hide.



A man named Smith
Went out forthwith
And bought himself a mule;
He carried a bag
To near his hind leg,
And now he sleepeth cool.

**ELD. WILLIAM TUCKER'S GOLDEN
WEDDING**

Eld. William Tucker and wife's welcome
address at their golden wedding, written by
Eld. J. L. Brown for the occasion

We gladly welcome you today
 Within the precincts of our home
We take this method for to say,
 To each of you, We're glad you've
 come.

Your presence fills us with delight
 And comfort on our pilgrim way,
Like star-beams on the brow of night
 Or sunbeams on the crown of day.

Our life has had its smiles and tears,
 Its days of joy and time of cares,
Its bitter and its sweet.
 In cloudy nights and sunny morn
We've plucked our roses and our thorns
 That grew about our feet.

All through our race God gave his grace
 For He rules above us;
We thank His name, He gave the same
 And gave you all to love us.

Now fifty years have by us sped
 Since our two lives in one were wed,
Our two hearts beat as one.
 Along these years we've walked to-
 gether,
Through sunshine and through cloudy
 weather,
And will 'till life is done.

The dew of youth was on our brow,
 The morning sun lit up life's hill,
The evening shadows greet us now,
 But yet we love each other still.

We sit beside our cottage door
 And hear the wild birds sing of love,
And angels from the distant shore
 Seem calling to us from above.

Some day they'll come with wings of light
 And heaven's glory will unfold,
They'll take us where there is no night,
 And where no one is ever old.

As one by one your work is done
 And sweet rest to you is given,
We hope to meet you, one by one,
 With a glad smile in heaven.

Within that bright and sunlit clime
 They never know the flight of time;
Within that land beyond the sky
 We'll meet but never say goodbye.

The above, though written by another, fully
expresses our feelings.

WILLIAM TUCKER,
Bauxite, Arkansas.

THE HOG

(Psalms 51:10; Acts 15:9; Ephesians 2:10)

Feed him on milk,
Dress him in silk,
And call him a beautiful name;
But I'll tell you, Bud,
He'll root in the mud,
And act the hog just the same.

Don't think it amiss
Because he does this,
And call him a horrid bad creature;
For he is no dog,
He's only a hog,
And follows the bent of his nature.

If he had a sheep's heart,
He'd do a sheep's part,
And down in the mud wouldn't wallow;
But as he is no lamb,
He can't act like them,
For nature's the thing that we follow.

So the nature of sin
Forever has been,
To root in the mud with the devil;
From sin to depart
It takes a new heart,
To lift to a higher clean level.

Man may do his part,
But can't change his heart,
This power to him is not given;
He may look up and pray
For a clean heart today,
And God can answer from heaven.



Bad dogs may bring their master grief
Because they will not run a thief.
And men in office oft do the same;
They help the theives to catch their game.
If you're a man and not a goat,
Be sure and think before you vote.



Home is a place where men and women
have their best friends and their worst manners.

LIFE'S LESSONS

This lesson learn within the school of life :

The better things pick up and learn to
prize,

The evil things will only bring you strife,

Heartaches and tears of sorrow to your
eyes.

Look on the rose, its fair beauty drink in,

But do not heed the sharp and pointed
thorn;

Heed not the gloom and darkness of the night,

It will soon fade beneath the blush of the
morn.

The unkind words that fall from lips of men

Have not the power their evil to impart.

Unless you stoop to take them up—and then

They rove as burning arrows in your heart.

While some will frown with strong and bitter
hate,

Heed not their frown, it cannot do thee
harm,

If you have friends to smile, let that create

Within your heart sweet music and a charm

So you will find these better things will be,
A bright faced angel happy, sweet and
strong,
That strength and beauty will bring to thee,
And make your life a sweet and pleasant
song.

DIRT AND CROOK

God made man out of the dirt,
He gave him life and made him pert;
A crooked rib took from his side
And made a woman for his bride.
Say what you will
Man by sin is badly hurt,
Yet in him we see the dirt,
And she is crooked still. ,

Man thinks he's lord but he is not,
That is, if he a wife has got;
She crooks around in such a way
That she leads him day by day,
At least that's what some people say;
"She bosses," but he knows it not.



If Christian Science believes there is no
matter, then it's no matter if you don't believe
Christian Science.

60 YEARS OF AGE

(December 7, 1913.)

I am not old, though I am gray,
Though sixty years have passed away,
Like autumn leaves before the blast,
So swift these sixty years have passed.

Passed like shadows o'er the plain,
Passed with their sunshine and their rain,
Passed with their pleasure and their pain,
I cannot call them back again.

So many stand within these years,
That's blest me with their smiles and tears,
And though the years cannot remain,
These friends will come to me again.

While standing in the morning sun,
When life's brief day had just begun,
Old age then seemed so far away—
A misty mount in twilight gray.

The hours dragged slow in life's first morn,
An age from snow to growing corn,
And at the ripening of the plum
It seemed that Christmas would not come,

But one by one they came and went,
And soon the morn of life was spent,
The bloom of Spring its work had done,
And ripened fruit in summer sun.

The morning hours passed slow but soon,
They passed away with power of noon.
And now the noon has passed us by,
The sun hangs low in Western sky.

The summer's green has turned to brown,
The leaves of autumn tumble down,
These tell us as time passes by,
That night and winter both are nigh.

And though there's darkness in the night,
And sadness in the summer's flight,
Yet let me say there is a power,
That makes me glad this evening hour.

Though sixty years have passed away,
And in their flight have turned me gray,
Yet this one word I wish to say,
Please do not call me old today.

For life means live, it don't mean die,
Live here below or up on high—
It is a journey oft that bends,
But this journey never ends,

I've seen the sun sink in the west,
Like a wearied man to rest,
Darkness would veil the sea and shore,
As if that sun would shine no more.

When winter winds have made their call,
I've seen the flowers fade and fall,
Beneath the sweep of winter's breath,
They seemed to fall asleep in death.

The sun went down but not to die,
It soon ascends the Eastern sky,
And with its light as king of day,
It drives the night so dark away.

When springtime comes,
And southwinds blow,
And sunbeams melt
Old winter's snow.

The flowers in sleep doth not remain,
They wake to bud and bloom again,
They fling their beauty 'neath the sky,
That tell us they did not die.

He, He who drives away the night
And gives us back again the light
Who sends the sunbeams in their glow
To melt away old winter's snow,

And gives the sleeping flower its birth,
To spring anew fresh from the earth,
In bright sweet beauty for to wave,
In triumph o'er its winter grave.

The Star of Hope hangs in our sky,
To tell us we shall never die,
Though back to dust we fall again,
But in that dust we'll not remain.

Beneath that Star of Hope I stand,
Within a life that God has planned,
And tell you that this life is good,
If we live it as we should.

I look back o'er these sixty years
Full of toil, and strife, and tears;
I look and tell you once again,
Though life is brief, its not in vain.

God leads us in His chosen way,
Up steps of night to gates of day;
He gives us toil then gives us rest,
Why this is so God knoweth best.



Rather than Adam would live alone,
He took a woman made out of bone,
While poor Eve did the best she could,
She took a man made out of mud,

AUGUST

August, the eighth daughter of old Mother Year, is now the reigning Princess. She wears the royal colors and moves with stately grace close on the steps of her flower crowned sister, July. The gold of the wheat, the purple of the grape and the scarlet of the poppy are woven in the folds of her flowing robes. Every dew-drop sparkles like an emblazoned gem in her morning crown.

While millions of moonbeams dance like silver winged fairies to the katydid's summer song, while rustling fields of corn wave their tassled banners of welcome, truly the poet may sing,

“Out in the fields summer heat gloweth,
Out in the fields summer wind bloweth,
Out in the fields summer friend showeth,
Out in the fields summer corn groweth.

But in the winter,
When summer heat is dead,
And summer winds have sped,
And summer friends have fled,
Only summer corn remaineth
In pones of white bread.”



Life holds what we put in it, or what we allow God or the Devil to put in for us,

WILL POETRY EVER DIE?

Not while the rivers run down to the seas,
Not while the south winds sing through the
 trees,
Not while the clover blooms nod to the bees
 And star beams drop down from the sky,
Drop down on the roses that sparkle with
 dew,
Drop down on the ocean all garnished and
 blue,
Drop down on young lovers pure-hearted and
 true,
 With affections that never can die.

Not while the north wind driveth the cold,
Not while the autumn paints purple and gold,
Not while a patriot is noble and bold,
 Willing to dare and to die;
Not while the spring brings the bud and the
 leaf,
Not while the summer puts grain in the sheaf,
Not while a mourner is saddened with grief,
 Or the polar star hangs from the sky.

Not while a song bird sings from its nest,
Not while a sunset is gold in the west,
Not while a mortal has hope of a rest,
 A rest that will come by and by;

Not while a true thought shall throb in the
brain,
Error thrashed from it like chaff from the
grain,
Truth wove into song will live and remain,
For poetry never will die.

TO THE DISCOURAGED MUSE

Is it not sad to be a poet,
And yet the world not seem to know it;
Or, if to know, to only scorn
The gift of soul in nature born?

To have the finer feelings branded
A trifling thing, all undemanded;
To pile, to heap upon it scorn,
To try to crush so soon as born.

But such is life within this world,
The gold with lead and brass are hurled,
And diamonds sparkling pure and bright
Are hid in caves as dark as night.

O kindred spirits, don't complain,
Though this world your gifts disdain;
Keep up your courage—don't be pining,
Behind the clouds the sun is shining.

Time soon will brush the clouds away,
Will move the night and bring the day,
And time which brings the sun to view
Will recognition bring to you.

Or if you live a life obscure,
Want and hardships both endure,
This lesson learn, oh, know it best,
There is a world where poets rest.

Then 'mid the green and shady bowers
Where silver mists enshrine the flowers,
And music sweeps the jasper sea,
God has a home of rest for thee.

DEAR LITTLE JOE

Dear little Joe was bound to go
And get his ma a flower
He stumped his toe on a grubbin' hoe
And then he cried an hour.

The mother of Joe tied up his toe
With turpentine and sugar,
But the little wag tore off the rag,
And eat it up—the booger.



Give the world a lift, a laugh and a song,
Help, and don't hinder as you pass along.

A man named Jones,
With blood and bones,
Went out to milk a cow,
She gave a kick
That made him sick
But he's some better now.



Sigh not for the day that is past and gone
With its happy bloom or its thorn or sorrow,
But hope for the day that is coming on
And bury your gloom with thoughts of to-morrow.



There are Jones', Smiths and Browns,
Perhaps one thousand score,
As each year rolls around,
There are born ten thousand more.



A bird may fly so very high
That no gun may bring it down,
And yet it may, perchance some day,
Go in a trap set on the ground.



Large fish are sometimes found in shallow waters, and men noted for greatness are sometimes found splashing about in shallow theories.



If men would drink like dogs, then all would remain sober.

A peart little boy with overmuch joy
Tried to hop on a moving train
But now he doth beg around on one leg
The other one don't remain.

Oh me, cried she—that cook I've got,
There is no tea—within this pot;
Can't be said he—you have forgot
There is a T in every pot.

It's one thing to work, it's another thing to
worry. There are more lives being worn out
with worry than with work.

Motion does not produce life—but life
produces motion. Is that—your notion?

Good things don't go to the good alone,
For bad dogs oft get a good bone.

Don't judge a man by what he needs,
But judge him by the books he reads.

Some bad writers should call a halt,
Or give us shortness, sense and salt.

Man wants but little here below—
Just all that he can get, you know.

EVOLUTION

From whence came man, what's the
solution?

We have the plan, cries Evolution;
Nature made man as now she has him,
From a spark of protoplasm.
This living germ, this human bud,
Could only wiggle in the mud;
A shapeless albuminous grain,
A wiggling link in life's long chain,
A thing dividing, just alive,
One dividing into five;
The weak ones living, but not all,
The weakest ones went to the wall.
For Nature ruled that of the five,
None but the fittest should survive.
They took their food within their side,
They lived and eat and multiplied;
These links within this living chain,
Reached upward to a higher plane,
'Till man appeared a legged worm,
Evolved from a germ;
They say that life kept up her trail,
Until it reached wings, legs and tail;
Wings from the sides, legs from the
bottom,
For that's the way we now have got 'em
Man left his wings and tail behind,

Perhaps he swapped them for his mind,
Man cannot flutter, switch nor fly,
But he can mutter, walk and lie;
He first was tame, but he got spunkey,
When evolved to a monkey;
He walked around upon four feet,
He eat to live and lived to eat;
Doing things that come to hand,
Like climbing trees or digging sand,
Moving on in perfect ease,
Eating fruit and scratching fleas,
While walking on his feet behind,
He changed his brain and made his mind
So this is how the monkey caught
His better brain and better thought.
But though he thought he could not tell,
The thoughts that in his mind did dwell,
But nature did assist the matter,
With different sounds his tongue did
chatter;
And with the jabber of his jaw,
He gave to sound a line of law,
And thus did Evolution reach
The primal plane of numan speech.
If this be true as such they say
Why not some monkey speak today?
Why not some monkey on his trail
Learn to talk and lose his tail?
If someone now the same should do,

Then Evolution might be true,
For there's a law that's ever been—
What nature's done, she'll do again.
If nature did—then nature can—
Change a monkey to a man;
Unless old nature gets about it,
Men with brains will stop to doubt it;
They'll hold the Bible statement true,
For Evolution will not do.
One thing alone would give it shape,
The Dude appears a tailless ape;
One of two things he ought to gain.
A switching tail or thinking brain,
For while he does not switch or think,
He imitates the "missing link"
For man or ape he will not do,
He seems a mixture of the two.
Yes he's a man—he has man's shape,
But oftentimes acts much like the ape.
There is no link that comes between,
He is a man but soft and green;
Soft as the mud, green as the rose,
There's not much to him but his clothes.



Keep out of madness,
Pray out of sadness,
Work against badness,
Cultivate gladness.

HOW

When Fancy plumed her wings for flight,
I with my pen began to write,
 Her visions grave or gay;
From out the depths of sober thought
These are the visions that I caught,
 I can but write that way.

Do angels help to guide the train
That rushes through the living brain?
 I mean the train of thought;
I know we think and think again,
How link by link we make the chain,
 I never yet have caught.

I know some times within the mind,
A brand new school of thoughts I find
 That seem to be at home;
I stand them up, row after row,
And write their names before they go
 And call the same—A Poem.



Some men have more mouth than brains,
So they fill it up with liquor,
Some men have more heels than brains,
You know them—as a kicker.



Never kick a dog because you dislike his
master.

FIFTY YEARS

(Lines composed and read by the writer at the Golden Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Barns, at Jamestown, Ark., Sunday, December 19, 1915.)

Fifty years—fifty years
Means a long time ago;
Warm summers of sunshine,
And cold winters of snow.
Fifty years—fifty years
Like a phantom has fled,
Since your life into union
Was woven and wed.

You stood on the mountains
In the strength of your youth,
You drank from the fountains
Of rich love and pure truth.
You cared not—you feared not
The hard toils of the day,
Your good health was your wealth,
And your hope was your stay.

In the long years ago,
In the flush of life's morn,
You looked for the roses
But expected no thorn.

But life is a compound
With its bitter and sweet;
The rose blooms about us,
While the thorns pierce our feet

The spring with its sunshine
Put your life into bloom;
The blast of the winter
Oft filled it with gloom.
You've laughed in the sunshine,
You've sighed in the gloom,
You've smiled at the cradle
And wept at the tomb.

The Lord has been leading,
You made him your guide,
No strength ever needing
But what he'd provide;
He led you and fed you
And guarded your way;
He leads you and feeds you
And keeps you today.

Flowers of your springtime
Have all withered away,
The leaf of your summer
Has dropped to decay;

But clusters of autumn
Hang low on the vine
To rest you and bless you
With strength of their wine.

The spring time of your life
Had its troubles to meet;
The long day of summer
Had its dust and its heat;

But autumn—cool autumn,
Brings its joy and its rest;
You take it, you make it,
Your brightest and best.



A preacher who said he did not have to
study to preach, said all he had to do was to
open his mouth, and the Lord would fill it, was
correct.

It is a truth I do declare,
He sure would fill it up with air;
He'll do that much for a braying mule,
And sure he will for a braying fool.



Some men would not appreciate a hickory
nut tree unless they could find hammers grow-
ing on it to crack the nuts with.

THREE WAYS TO SCATTER NEWS

There are three ways to circulate the news,
To scatter out our thoughts, to send abroad
our views;

One is little clatter traps, connected by a wire
On which we clink the thoughts we think
With lightning feet of fire;

It takes your news and spreads your views
To make men weep and laugh.

This thing of wire and electric fire
We call a "Tel-e-graph."

Another way is at our choice

To send abroad the human voice
Through which the news is known.

In it you speak a word today,
'Tis heard one thousand miles away,
This is the "Tel-e-phone."

The third's the best of all the rest—

More beautiful than all,
Without a wire, without a fire,
It misses not a call;

It has two ears through which it hears,
A tongue that runs with ease,
To give your views or scatter news,
"Tel-a-woman" if you please.

THE THREE ISLANDS

Three islands stand upon life's sea,
Three and no more.
You ask me where these islands be
And what their shore.

One is the rocky isle of "Now,"
This present time.
It is not beautiful somehow—
Not so sublime.

As one that glimmers in the light
Called "Bygone Days,"
Where memory oft-times takes her flight
And sings its praise.

From Isle of Now, so bleak, so cold,
We stand and gaze
Upon that island girt in gold—
Sweet Bygone Days.

That isle was once the Isle of Now,
Its walks we knew;
But then we did not know somehow
What time would do.

The shadows cast a purple hue
 Upon that shore.
Time lends enchantment to the view
 Unseen before.

We watch that isle beneath the skies,
 In evening light;
The tear-drops gather in our eyes
 Like dews of night.

We cherish in sad memory
 The looks and ways
Of those with whom we used to be
 In Bygone Days.

We turn and look thro' light of morn—
 What do we see?
An isle of Sea of Time unborn,
 Of "Yet-to-Be."

The isle where nothing yet is made
 To laugh or cry,
Save tracks in sand of fancy's shade
 Beneath a sky.

A sky all decked with stars of gold
 And rainbow light,
Where death has turned no victim cold
 Nor gathered night,

No shadow there of death or pain
 Waits to destroy
The hopes that in the soul remain
 Of life and joy.

Here Faith and Hope point out the way
 To that green isle
We look and see the better day
 In Afterwhile.

We know there'll be a better time
 When life is o'er,
When these three isles as one sublime
 Shall form one shore.

There we shall meet our lost and own,
 To part no more;
No night nor death will e'er be known
 Upon that shore.

Then let us live by Faith and Love
 While time goes by,
In hope of that bright world above
 That's drawing nigh.



I'll tell you a few things hard to beat,
'Taters and 'possum and chicken meat.

THOUGHT ON THANKSGIVING

The hair clad hog, an ugly brute,
 With a long nose, called his snoot,
Under oak trees roots and roots
 For the oak trees' acorn fruits;
Going without manners, hat or boots,
 For neither one his nature suits;
That never looks up to the trees at all
 That grow the acorns before they fall.
You need not blame him for his pranks,
 He was born a hog, in hoggish ranks.

Some men there be who live that way,
 They toil and dig from day to day,
They seek to fill their bellies full
 And clothe their bodies in cotton and
 wool
And each man's leg they try to pull.
 They are full of tricks and full of pranks
But never are they full of thanks.
 They seek to hoard up all they can
And never give thanks to God or man—
 If you want to love them the way you
 can
Is to love a hog, or hoggish man.



When the rain is falling, don't fume and fret;
If you don't go in it you won't get wet.

THE DEPOT CROWD

Did you ever note a Depot crowd waiting
for a train?

The many people that you meet but
never meet again,
Some going east, some going west,
To wire brier of the cuckoo's nest?

You find perhaps a sample here
Of every kind of folks—
The highest fliers, the biggest liars,
And the slowest polks.

You see the Drummer with his grip,
His bosom round and fat,
With a "Pard" long, slim and hard,
But equal on a chat.

The Maiden fair, with crimped hair,
Just starting off to school,
With her sweetheart to watch her start
Just grinning like a fool.

A mother small with three young chaps,
You think them all she has, perhaps or
all she ever had,
'Till through the door five others more
Come clinging to their dad.

One has his hat, one has his cat
And one has torn his shirt;
You hear their cries, you see their eyes
Just peeping through the dirt.

You do not know the mother's name,
She calls her partner "Josh;"
You heave a sigh and wonder why
They all forgot to wash.

Next comes, perhaps, a dozen chaps,
From fourteen down to ten;
All out from school, from under rule,
They think themselves grown men.

They want their tickets for the train,
They have the baseball on the brain,
They are going out down south,
They constitute the second nine,
Each one is trying hard to shine,
With cigarette in his mouth.

With legs across they sit and smoke,
The smart one tells a funny joke,
The circle then all laugh;
You think and wonder anyhow
If their mother is a cow,
Her offspring acts the calf.

No, no, perhaps these very chaps
Have parents kind and good;
Their fault has been, it is a sin,
They have not ruled them as they should.

We wonder what these boys will make,
The sort of road each one will take
To honor or disgrace
Three things there be to guide their course
To better things or things that's worse
To fit them in their place.

One is the temper born within,
Gold, or silver, iron or tin,
The disposition of the mind,
The gold when purged away from dross,
Will find a gain, and not a loss,
By purging its refind.

This gold may wallow in a bed
With zinc or copper, tin or lead,
But it will still be gold;
There is within a silent power
That constant works from hour to hour
Its beauty to unfold.

Though Franklin made a tallow dip,
He did not down with tallow drip,
He was not tallow all the same;
His genius caused him soon to slip
From tallow shop and tallow dip
To courts of honor and of fame.

Columbus had an humble birth,
His family had no wealth nor worth,
But Genius him out-hurled;
It caused his mind to understand
That God had formed another land,
He sought and found a world.

Abe Lincoln with his gluts and maul
Inside this world looked poor and small,
For him none seemed to care;
But Genius gave to him a lift,
A nation's great and highest gift,
The presidential chair.

Blest be the one who has a mind
A big and better place to find,
A will to dare to be;
There's room up at the top, you know,
For those who to that top will go,
Reader, there's room for thee.

The second power is that of home
That clings to man wheree'r he roam
On the broad land or sea;
It puts its stamp on gold or tin
Of virtue's law or law of sin
That all can read who see.

Home, oh home, what mighty power
Lurks within thy grasp each hour,
Who weighs thee as they should?
Thou art the base, the cornerstone
Of nations and the nation's throne
For evil or for good.

If you will think, you know, of course,
Each home doth form a unit force
A part that makes thee whole;
Another thing you too may think,
A chain's no stronger than its link
Be that chain iron or gold.

A nation is a chain of links,
The last are homes each one distinct,
A power behind the throne;
When homes in France forsook their God
The nation soon was bathed in blood,
This fact to all is known.

In homes where children disobey
And each one walks in his own way
To scorn, to curse, to hate;
To such the time will shortly come
To ply the torch or throw the bomb
To curse and wreck the State.

Let him who prays his nation's good
Learn how to pray just as he should
For blessings on the homes;
For while the homes are good and pure .
A righteous nation will endure,
On each a blessing comes.

God save the homes throughout our land,
From Rum and Rome's accursed hand!
Let sober truth prevail;
Should superstition chain the mind
And rum the peoples' reason blind
Our nation could but fail.

God save the homes from greed of gold!
May virtue for it ne'er be sold!
Keep each from being vain;
If in the brain truth holds the light
And in the heart love holds the right
Our nation will remain.

But the third power that has its station
Is found within association,
The ones with whom we walk;
The mind is made like plastic wax,
Things passing o'er it leave their tracks
In deeds—in thought—in talk.

Man is made a social creature,
He acts as pupil and as teacher,
He gives and gets again;
The good and evil both impart,
An impress that will touch his heart,
And there will long remain.

To illustrate to every youth,
That what I say is living truth,
We'll stop and try this plan:
Put ten red apples, ripe and fine,
Close together on a line—
It's plain you understand—

Then let another person go
And put one rotten in that row—
Just one, not any more;
In a few days if you will go
You'll find all rotten in the row,
Yes, rotten to the core.

So in the home and in the school
You'll note the working of this rule:
The bad affects the good;
Our children's friends we should select,
In doing so we may protect
And duty says we should.

THE GOAT

Old Lady Tongue-Lash had a note
On Jones, and it was due.
A dun to him at once she wrote
And told him what to do.

And then she went to him next day
And told him he must pay the note.
"The debt," he said, "I cannot pay,"
Unless you'll buy my billy-goat."

"If you cannot pay your note,
Nor sell to me a cow,
Then I will buy your billy-goat
And drive him home just now."

Old Billy was not like a cow,
But in one way, I utter;
But when she started home with him
Old Billy turned to butt(h)er.

WHO EVER SAW?

Who ever saw a cawing crow
From neighbor unto neighbor go
And caw until his throat would crack
About his neighbors being black?

Nobody.

Whoever saw a 'possum walk
And to some other 'possum talk
And at some other 'possum rail
Because he wore a naked tail?

Nobody.

Who ever saw one small pole cat
Hunt up his neighbor for a chat
And tell him with a knowing wink
About a neighbor that did stink?

Nobody.

Whoever saw a mortal stand
Against his neighbor in the land
And talk about his sins he knew
And he himself a sinner too?

Everybody.



Never imagine that there are only two people in the world and that you are both of them, for it sure hurts a fellow to be twins.

THOUGHTS ON THE NEW YEAR

1911

Out in the midnight shadows,
In the grave of time now fled.
Shrouded in night, buried from sight,
The past old year lies dead.

Out in the world of sunshine,
Out in the world of shade,
Out in the lengthening chain of time
A New Year's link is made.

The new, like the old, is fleeting,
Its race will soon be run,
If we give it some good as each one
should
That good must soon be done.

Don't keep your old hen
'Till she's a tough old creature,
And cook her up then
That she may stuff a preacher.

The nod of a truthful man is better than
the affidavit of a professional liar.

One verse of Scripture practiced is better
than a whole chapter read.

THREE NEEDFUL THINGS

Three things we need within this life,
This vale where sun and shadows dwell
Three things to help us in the strife,
That good within our lives may tell.

One is a purpose of the soul
Fixed on some object good and high,
That we may live to bless the world
As day by day times passes by.

To live a life so high as this
We need the Holy Spirit's power,
If not we fail for want of strength
To keep us through temptation's hour.

We need the guiding hand of truth,
God's truth to point us to the way,
That we may shun the walks of sin
And reach by faith the gates of day.

We have some big bugs in the town,
And June bugs in the summer;
But the worst bug I have found
Is a humbug drummer.

You don't have to be beautiful in order to be
useful.

HOW I WRITE POETRY

I get my paper, pen and ink and sit down
on a chair,

I then begin to think and think, and then I
write with care.

The thoughts the child, the words the dress
The first into the last is pressed.

Without the words you'd never know

The many thoughts that come and go.

With thoughts on mind and ink on pen

Our thoughts can find their way to men.

So many words we can rehearse

That sound alike they make a verse.

Some men have thoughts, but not the words;

We think of them as wingless birds.

Compelled on earth to ever stay

Because they cannot fly away;

While others have a supple tongue

They learn to use while very young.

It flutters like a weather vane,

Propelled by wind and not by brain.

The brain's the bird, the tongue's the wing

To lift it up and help it sing.

To be a poet consists in more

Than jingling words in lines of four.

To be a poet is oft to feel

The thoughts of God through nature steal.

The poet's brain and heart doth swim

In thoughts of God and love for Him,
The word is but the burning light
That trobbing heart and brain ignite.
Then if to write you do aspire,
Go get your heart and brain on fire,
Then let the fire burn on your pen
And write your thoughts in words to men.

THE CROWN OF THE YEAR

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."—Psalms 65:11.

As the waveless bosom of the rock-girt lake cast back to our vision the shadowy form of the over-hanging sky with its thousand stars of glittering light; or, as the cave in the rock of the mountain base catches our voice and throws it back to us in soft echo whisper. So all the works of God, from the sun in mid-heaven to the tiny glow-worm that sparkles upon our footpath speak to us of God, of His greatness and goodness. "The heaven declare the glory of God, the firmanent sheweth His handiwork; day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night sheweth knowledge."

The Odd Fellow wears a chain of three links, each link representing a principle belong-

ing to that order; but God gives us a chain of four links in each year that we live—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. Love, mercy and kindness are inscribed on each link; for he crowneth the year with His goodness.

SPRING

The soft south winds of the humid spring
The thought of His goodness to us bring;
Te robe of His beauty doth appear,
For in His goodness He crowns the year.

SUMMER

Bright summer comes with fruit and flowers,
With forest green and shady bowers;
The light of His mercy doth appear,
For He in His goodness crowns the year.

AUTUMN

The fruit of Autumn hangs ripe and low;
Bright tints of gold on the forest glow;
From whispering winds we seem to hear
That He in His goodness crowns the year.

WINTER

At last when Winter, that stern old king,
His treasures of snow and ice doth bring,
In his glacial records this truth is found,
God in goodness the year hath crowned.

DROUTH AND WAR

We've had a winter hard and cold
 On man and beast;
Our cribs and larders did not hold
 Much for a feast;
Our surplus meat and grain were sold
 To folks out east.

The drouth hit us so hard you know;
 It did not rain,
For over ninety days, and so
 It cut the grain;
The price of cotton went so low
 It gave no gain.

The Southland suffered 'neath this blow,
 Not West nor East,
For they a bumper crop did grow
 On which to feast.
With grain so high and cotton low
 Our woe increased.

Combines and trust put in their power
 In graft and greed
They raised the price of meat and flour
 And other feed.
It was enough to make one sour
 And blue indeed,

Their ships could take away the grain
And get the gold,
But our cotton must remain
And not be sold.
A scheme they had to make a gain,
A lie they told.

The bankers, too, let down the blind
And closed the door;
They said the folks were so behind
They'd lend no more.
For money is both deaf and blind
Toward the poor.

The man of greed is too intent
On gain and loss
And how to make a big per cent
On smallest cost,
And tell the folks who owe the rent
To come across.

Many merchants good and kind
Would helped the poor
If some way they could but find,
Some open door,
But they were so far behind
They bought no more,

While some good men with heart and brain
Were in the land
That had some cash without the rain
At their command
That propped some men beneath the strain
And helped them stand.

Some sent their food to Belgium's shore
To help their need,
And turned their neighbors from their door
Without their feed;
Some helped the home and foreign poor,
True friends, indeed.

These were the things we had to face
When winter came;
We needed money, grit and grace
To meet the same;
We knew not how to run the race,
We felt so lame.

But somehow we have made it through;
Now it is spring.
Although we knew not what to do,
We met the thing.
God has been good to me and you,
His praise we sing.

The grass is growing on the hill
And in the woods,
The cows will eat now to their fill—
At least, they should.
We soon shall hear the whippoorwill
In happy mood.

The wheat is looking fresh and green,
And budding corn
Across the fields may now be seen
At early morn.
A brighter day has come, I ween,
And hope is born.

Hope is the thing that makes us strong
To will, to do;
Hope sings the sweetest sort of song
To me, to you;
Hope tells us it will not be long
'Till we shall view.

Things changed to a better grade
With corn and wheat,
With bumper crops that we have made
And things to eat,
And all our old debts met and paid
And corn and meat.

To feed us through another year
And cash to buy
The shoes and clothes we need to wear,
With cotton high.
Hope tells us bid our doubt and fear
A long good-bye.

For He who leads us day by day
O'er vale and hill,
And kept and fed us all the way,
Will lead us still;
He has not let us starve nor stray,
Nor never will.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A DIME

One sunny day along the way
A man was briskly walking;
The man was scared because he heard
Something near him talking.

He stopped to see what it could be
That talked while he was walking;
He found in time it was a dime,
Down in his pocket talking.

It is no crime to hear a dime,
It was too small to fear it;
So talk away and say your say,
I'll walk along and hear it.

I am a dime, that is no crime,
Therefore, I am not crying;
I'm good to take a ginger cake,
Of which there's no denying.

Long years ago I dwelt quite low
Before a miner caught me;
When with his pick he gave a lick,
Out from the earth he brought me.

I felt the shock, I quit the rock,
And left my old dark prison;
I've swapped the night for days of light,
I'm glad that I have risen.

I soon was sold along with gold,
Which that rough man collected;
I have my worth upon the earth,
I am not now neglected.

I have my gain but have no pain,
Though through the fire turning;
I find my loss was only dross,
I'm better by the burning.

I'm what I am by Uncle Sam,
Who fixed his stamp upon me;
It is a fright how day and night
His nephews hunt and run me.

They love me much, they love my touch,
Just why they have not said;
Whether for my worth upon the earth,
Or for my woman's head.

When I was sent out from the mint
I had a bunch of brothers,
We stood in rank inside a bank
Along with many others.

A farmer sold a load of corn,
And for the same received a check;
I went with him that autumn morn,
I think I paid for just a peck.

The farmer gave me to his boy
Because the boy had been so good,
To slop the sows and milk the cows
And chop and saw and bring in wood.

That farmer lad was truly glad
When he did hold me in his hand;
He said he knew what he would do,
As I was now at his command.

He dropped me down 'mid spools and
things,
Such as marbles, tops and strings,
And kept me there 'till it was handy
To swap me off for wax and candy.

I then went down into the town,
To where there was a barber;
The merchant gave me for a shave
And left me in that harbor.

It was his rule to act the fool
By getting drunk and frisky;
So he was soon in the saloon
To trade me off for whiskey.

I left that place in deep disgrace,
Where fools were drunk and kicking;
I went one day to help to pay
A farmer for a chicken.

The farmer had a son in school,
He was a splendid "feller;"
So me he took, to buy a book,
A Webster blue-back speller.

The man with books was good in looks,
But when he'd talk he'd stutter;
He swapped me off for something soft,
It was a pound of butter.

Now on the farm I feel no harm,
With plows, and saws, and axes;
The other day my boss did say
I helped to pay the taxes.

A dime as such isn't very much,
But yet enough to "foller;"
But when men will save up ten,
They sure save up a dollar.

Then save your dimes, one by one,
'Till you get ten times twenty;
To waste your dimes is sure a crime,
To save them leads to plenty.

The farmer said, I went to bed,
And dreamed I was out walking;
And it appeared that then I heard
A dime unto me talking.

But now it seems it was a dream,
And as a dream I give it,
But sure it brought a truth I caught
How dimes alive might live it.



If you don't want a blind tiger to catch your
goat,
You'd better be careful how you cast your
vote.

THE FAMILY TROUBLE AND HOW IT WAS FIXED

A woman got sad and then got sadder,
A man got mad an then got madder,
Their boy got bad and then got "badder."
The woman was sad because the man was
mad and spanked the lad.

The boy was bad, and sad, and glad,
Because one hadn't and one had spanked the
lad.

The woman said, "Child, go to bed,
Before your father kills you dead."
Then she looked sad, saying, "I wish I had
Never married a man so bad."

Then the man got mad and then grew madder
Saying, "You can sigh and look much sadder,
But if that boy grows much "badder"

I'll hang him up on the smokehouse ladder."
Then he looked at the boy and he looked
"badder,"

Then he said, "I wish, by Ned, that I'd never
had her."

Then the boy in bed stuck up his head
And said, "Now pap and mother,
I'll bet a cow if you was single now
You would want to marry each other.
We've all been mad and all done bad.
An all have been a-lying.

If I was dead upon this bed
 You'd both be 'round me crying."
The woman cried, "We all have lied; I love
 you both with joy."
The man, he smiled upon his child and called
 him, "his dear boy."
He said, "My wife, you are my life,
 I cannot live without you."
The woman said, "My own dear Fred,
 You know I do not doubt you."

WHERE MORTALS JOSTLE MORTALS

How sweet to step aside
 From the sickening whirl
Of the busy, rushing tide
 Of the phantom chasing world.

Where mortal jostles mortals,
 On the push and rush and strife;
Where selfish greed doth never heed
 The better things of life.

Where the eye is filled with fashion,
 And the heart is seeking fame;
Where the dirty sewers of passion
 Are washing out all shame,

Where purity and honor
Is in the market sold,
For power and position,
For office, or for gold.

Where men that are immortal
Doth never stop to tell
Whether on the way to heaven,
Or on the road to hell.

How sweet to step aside
To a cool and shady nook,
To pass away a quiet day,
And up to heaven look.

There to stay and there to pray,
That grace to us be given.
That when this world has passed away
Our home may be in heaven.



Two men may differ and both be wrong,
but two men can't differ and both be right.



If the sun hurts your eyes, better shut your
eyes and not try to snuff the sun out.



If things that last long are valuable then
some sermons are worth much,

WHEN I GROW BIG

I'm little now, but don't you know
I will get big, because I grow?
Oh, yes, I will be grown some day
And have all things to come my way.

When I get big as Uncle Joe,
Across the sea I then will go,
And bring some new things into view,
Like old-time sailors used to do.

When I sail the wide sea over
Some new world I may discover,
For such a world there now may be
Hid out somewhere across the sea.

A world where folks may all go bare,
And wear no clothing 'cept their hair,
And where they have no pesky rule
To make the children go to school.

A world where there can live no "hants"
To frighten boys who tore their pants,
And where we hear of no disgrace
Because one fails to wash his face.

A world where we will never meet
Such words as "Johhny wash your feet,"
Or, "Johhny, get out of that bed
And wash your face and comb your
head."

When Mr. Crusoe was a boy
He never had one speck of joy;
His mother sure was never good,
But made him bring in chips and wood.

She made him wear his shoes and hat
And would not let him tease the cat,
And when he'd want to take a walk,
Or to the visitors would talk.

She'd say, "My child, you must stay in,
You must not go where you have been,"
Or, "Oh, my son, you are too young;
A little boy must hold his tongue."

One day a thought got in his head
That made him jump clear out of bed.
He dressed himself and drank his tea
And rode a shipwreck o'er the sea.

Now, it is clear to every mind
That Crusoe made a lucky find.
He surely struck a lucky streak
To have two Fridays every week,

I want the new world that I seek
To have six Sundays every week ;
But we will have no laws on game,
So we can hunt each day the same.

We'll load our guns and bait our hooks
And hunt for bears and fish in brooks.
Newspaper men will print a tale
And tell all how I hooked a whale.

And how I shot my big airgun
And killed a big bear on the run,
And how one June day I did go
And catch nine panthers in the snow.

And how I made some lucky shots
And struck three leopards in their spots,
And how one lion shook his mane
When I tied him with a chain.

But I'll be good to all the poor,
I'll go and buy a candy store,
Then I'll go up and down the street,
Giving to all a candy treat.

But on mean boys I'll work a trick ;
I'll feed 'em candy till they're sick,
So nasty drugs they'll have to take
To cure them of the stomach-ache,

But pretty girls, with deep blue eyes
I'll feed on candy, nuts and pies,
And if their mothers won't talk back
I'll give to them the paper sack.

When I am big, oh, won't I swell?
Now I've told you, but don't you tell,
For should dad hear he'd break the
 stitches
That hold together my new breeches.

Now, friend, good-bye, I'm glad I met
 you;
My mother calls, and sure, I bet you,
That she wants me to slop that pig,
I guess I will, for I ain't big.

WHAT IS HOME?

It is to a large degree what we make it. It is not like Roman Catholic doctrine, for it has no place for Paradise and Purgatory. It is either Heaven or Hell in minature. Good husbands make good wives and good wives make good husbands as a rule; but it is not always so—Woe be to the home where the mother teaches the children to disregard and disrespect their father; or where the father is unworthy of their

love and confidence. Woe be to the home, that is cursed with a drunken father or a scolding, grumbling mother. Woe be to the home where members of the family have no love for and no confidence in each other. Blessed is the home where God rules, where education illuminates, where love cements, where unselfishness presides, where cleanliness brightens, where law and order prevails; where shadows from the black-winged raven of jealousy never fall; where the vulture of greed never perches; where the nightingale of happiness sings her sweet songs, and the Dove of Peace coos in gladness.

IF YOU WISH

If you wish to see the sky,
Lift your vision up on high
To the dome where the stars abound.
Now this truth I'd have you know,
If your vision falls below
It will find but the dark cold ground.



It takes two to make a quarrel, but a fellow can get mad by himself.



It's not the largest bird that sings the sweetest song.

THE PROVERB

Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend.—Proverbs 27:17.

Did you ever take your old dull plow to the shop, rust-covered, dubbed and gapped, and take it home keen and ready for service? What worked the change?

The smith within the fire cast it,
Then he to the anvil passed it.
After it received its heating,
By the hammer got its beating,
In the slack tub made the wetter
Coming from it much the better,
As one iron sharpened the other,
Mind on mind doth act, my brother
By look or deed, by word or letter,
To make it worse, or make it better.

NOVEMBER DAYS

Jack Frost creeps in in the still of the night
While the winter star-beams glow,
And he spreads his mantle all cold and white
And fresh as the driven snow.

The sycamore tree with his bare white limbs
Points up to a leaden sky,
And the beetling cliffs look dark and grim
As the winter days draw nigh,

The katydid has left its tree.

Since the summer hours have flown,
But the cricket sings his song in glee,
Made warm by the old hearthstone.

The children laugh with hearts as free
As the cricket that sings his song,
Caring naught for the days, how cold they be,
If "Santa" but comes along.

The katydid may be cold and stiff,
The rose be dropped from the thorn,
Much more than these is the Christmas gift
They will get on the Christmas morn.

They do not sigh for the days gone by,
Nor the things in them they've lost,
Hope throws a charm that keeps them warm
Despite the wind and the frost.

Let us to them turn and from them learn
To hope for the coming day;
Not stop and sigh for the days gone by,,
For we can't go back that way.

Good things through motives oft go amiss,
Like Judas with his traitor kiss.

A fellow can be a big fellow and still not
be twins.

MAGNOLIA

Down in the State
Near the southwest line
Where the giant oak
And the feathery pine
In the Southern breeze doth sigh
Where the cool dark spots
In the days are made
By the china trees
With their dark cool shade,
In this August month am I.

Under the fig trees we can eat
Figs as ripe and pure and sweet
As grow in Palestine.
In the orchards we can seek
The sweet soft peach with its red ripe
cheek
And the purple grapes on the vine.

Why should these folks not happy be
Sitting under their vine and own fig tree
While the heated hours go by
Eating melons as large and fine
As ever grew on a melon vine,
While the wind in the pine tops sigh?

If this you doubt, just come ye down
And look about Magnolia town
And you will find it so.
Another thing you too will find
A people just as good and kind
As any place you'll go.

I love the fruits both large and sweet
That God in his goodness gives to eat
Through the force of nature's law.
I love the oak and the whispering pine,
I love the rocks and the clustering vine
And the folks of Arkansas.

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE

There is a good lesson
Wrote down in this line:
It's better my brother,
To whistle than whine.

There is war in Europe,
And prices are high;
But grunting and groaning,
Won't help you to buy.

The drouth got your corn,
And your cotton is low;
But whining and pining,
Won't help it you know.

Your barn may be empty,
Your horses look thin;
But sighing and crying,
Won't fill up their skin.

When things are not moving,
Along as they should;
Mumbling and grumbling
Will do them no good.

If the sun is not shining,
You know that it must;
And whistling, not whining,
Will strengthen your trust.

For whining can't scatter
The clouds from your sky;
Then say it don't matter,
I'll whistle, or try.



Because a clock may just strike one
Do not think its work is done,
For if its works are good and true
It will run on and strike two, too.



A sermon preached from notes may not be
a noted sermon.

DIFFERENT FEATHERS

Roosters may crow and Crows may roost
And neither one the other boost;
They may not roost nor crow together,
Because they have a different feather;
They need not use their pointed bill
Trying each other for to kill.
Because some spurs the crow may lack,
While many roosters are not black;
They aren't alike, nor like the owl,
Not one is beast, but each is fowl;
And while alike, they've never been,
 Yet it is true they are some kin.
While this is true both day and night,
They'd better fly than peck and fight.
Now after this my friend, you've heard,
Please try to be a better bird.



It is not right to do Wright
 If Wright is a man.
It is right to do right
 Each time that you can.
It is easier to do write
 Most any old day
Than it is to do right—
 Now, what do you say?

WHO IS HE?

He lives in the country,
He lives in the town,
A neighbor to Smith
And a neighbor to Brown;
He's as rich as a Croecus
And as poor as a mouse
As quick as a cricket
And slow as the douse;
He helps as a friend
Or brings you to sorrow;
He is ready to lend
He is ready to borrow,
He's red-headed, black-headed,
White-headed, and bald;
He's low up—he's high up,
He's slim up—he's tall;
He's a man that loves peace,
He's a man that sings songs
He's a man that loves fusses,
He's a man that says "cusses;"
He's a man that oft smiles,
He's a man that's oft sad;
He's a man that's oft good,
He's a man that's oft bad;
To show him's to know him,
In the mansion or cot;
He's the man we've all been—
He's "The Man Who Forgot."

SHALL WE HELP THEM?

We stand today facing a large army of beggars. Gray haired parents that have looked on the manly forms of their boys that grew up about them as pleasant plants until the simon of death—the whiskey curse fell upon them, under which they withered and died; and nothing today remains save the mounds of earth, the cold, dishonored graves, to tell the world that they have been.

Besides these parents stand a group of women. They are widows, sad-faced and broken hearted. They were once happy wives. They reigned as queens within their homes. They leaned upon the strong arm of a loving husband and smiled upon a group of rosy-faced children. Their homes were Heaven in minature, until an evil hour came, and the husband became wedded to another—the drink habit. Under it he staggered; he fell; he perished. Today these homeless widows stand with feeble bodies and crushed spirits, fighting as best they can to keep the wolf of hunger outside their doors. Some of them perhaps have been forced to sell their virtue to buy bread for their starving children. God in heaven pity them in their sad, sad plight!

Near these stand another group of sad-eyed women—women who have traveled through

great tribulations. Their fathers, husbands and their sons have been entangled in the Devil's fish-net, the saloon, and for crimes committed while crazed by drink, they are today in disgrace behind prison walls, while within them rages an appetite, and over them hangs a power stronger than death and darker than the grave.

Back of these women stand an army of children—neglected—cold—hungry—growing up in rags, ignorance and vice. These children are robbed by the saloon traffic. With bloodless faces and bony fingers they are looking and reaching for help.

What shall we do? Shall we help them, or shall we help the Whiskey Demon to continue its curse upon them?

Shall we sanction the work of the brewer and the distiller as they ply their trade to curse our nation?

Shall we fellowship the saloons man, while he runs his man-traps to entangle and curse our boys and wreck our homes?

Shall we fold our hands and sleep, while this black-winged vampire of hell sets upon the bosom of our nation, fattening itself upon the life blood sucked from the quivering flesh of humanity?

Shall we bow in submission before King Alcohol, whose drink is the tears of nations and whose music is the groans of death?

Shall we sell him our honor for his bloody tax money, or shall we rise in strength of our Christian manhood and drive him from our land?

I hear the army of gray haired fathers and mothers pleading by the graves of their sons for us to send the demon away.

Broken hearted wives and famished children are pleading to be saved from its power.

Shall we heed them? Shall we hear their cry? Shall we grant their request?

Yes! Yes! A thousand times yes!

Let our answer go back

To them in reply,

As loud as the thunder

That peals from the sky;

As deep as the ocean,

As strong as the wave,

By prayer and by ballot,

We are coming to save.

THE RICHES OF FRIENDSHIP

Call no man poor though he may be
From weight of stocks and bonds both free.
If he has friends known by the score
He is indeed quite rich, not poor,
He has far more than they who hold
Their trust in dust of shining gold.
Give me my friends, though they be poor
And live inside some cottage door.
If they be true, it is enough;
It's better far than sordid stuff
That moves the serf, that rules the knave
And haunts the miser to his grave.
Give me my friends, for they are more
Than ships on sea or lands on shore.
Their love and friendship has a power
To help me in life's darkest hour.
Sweet comfort from their words I borrow
To soothe me in my deepest sorrow
And chase the shadows from my way
And point me to the brighter day.
They help me in temptation's hour,
They fill and thrill with that dear power
That sounds in words, that gleam from eyes
Like sunbeams from the summer skies,
That warms the earth from winter's gloom,
That bringeth birth to leaf and bloom.
Each word and deed thrills and imparts

Love's healing balm to aching hearts,
Like wilted flower on desert plain
That drinketh in the summer rain
And from the blessings of the shower
Gathers afresh new life, new power
That makes it nod and smile again
A thing of beauty on the plain.
Lord, help us keep our friends now old,
More pure and precious far than gold,
And as through life we wend our way
Add new ones to the list each day.
Much virtue in them may we find,
And to their faults may we be blind,
For soon of each it may be said
That they are sleeping with the dead.
So in this world of sin and blindness
Let us show them love and kindness.
Lord, help us when we leave this plain
To meet and greet our friends again,
Where none will suffer, none will sigh,
And love and life will never die.

OPTIMISTIC

Do not sorrow nor be sad,
This world is not so full of bad
But where there's good.
Though dark and stormy be the night,

The wings of time bring in the light.
 Thank God, you should,
That every night gives place to day,
For God is ruling all the way.
 He rules in might.
The upas tree he will cut down,
The poison shade take from the ground,
 And plant the right,
And after all our toil and strife
In this poor polluted life
 We shall be free,
And by the crystal fountains stroll,
And tread the highways paved with gold
 And rest beneath the tree,
With golden fruit and fluttering leaf,
That gives all life and heals all grief
 Throughout eternity

DON'T DO IT

If things come not your way as you thought
 they would,
If folks have their own way and claim that
 they should,
Don't stop and quit striving, don't balk on the
 way;
Each cloud has its silver, each dog has its day,

Don't growl and grow sour, don't sigh and
look sad,
Do all in your power to laugh and be glad.
For after the storm-cloud the sun will shine
Then keep up your courage and whistle, don't
whine..

Don't swap faith for doubting, don't give
hope for fear,
Don't swap love for hatred, nor smiles for a
tear.
Then your heart will beat lighter and your
life will be true,
And the world will grow brighter because
you passed through.

LET THE WIND BLOW

There is an old saying,
No older than true;
And it should bring comfort
To me and to you.
If the wind keeps blowing
As it will or would,
"It's a bad wind that never
Blows somebody good."
It may blow as a zephyr,
Or blow as a gale,

To cool down a fever
Or strengthen a sail;
It may howl on the ocean,
Or laugh through the wood;
It's a bad wind, a sad wind
That bloweth no good.

INDEPENDENCE

You can call me poor, you can call me more
A fanatic or a fool
You can work about and cast me out
By sticking to this "Rule."
But where'er you go I'll have you know
My conscience is at ease.
I'll have you note when'er I vote
I'll vote just as I please.
I'm standing pat as a Democrat
On Liberty's solid log.
I'll never budge, I'll never fudge,
Nor vote for a yellow dog.
If a poodle pup can so crawl up
And get upon our ticket
I'll live and stand, with vote in hand
Where I can help to kick it.
If a drunken sot falls in our pot
Though loud for him men hollow
Without a doubt I'll cut him out
He stinks too bad to swallow.

**IN LOVING MEMORY OF ELDER WILLIAM
TUCKER**

(A tribute to the noble qualities of his life,
in an acrostic on his name.)

We have known no better man
In all the circle of our friendship.
Loving in disposition of heart,
Lowly in disposition of mind,
Inspired seemingly to think and do the
right,
Always humble, always cheerful,
Minding not the petty things that fret so
many lives.

Truthful in his utterances.
Unflinching in the spirit of his faith.
Courageous as a lion.
Kind and gentle as a lamb,
Earth among her children finds few his
equal.
Resting from his labors, his works follow
him.



It's not the largest bird that sings the
sweetest song.

DEATH

Swift as the wind, cold as the iceberg, heartless as the granite, dark as the night shadows moves the messenger Death amid the ranks of all living. Unloved and uninvited, his knock is heard at every door; his shadow is thrown across each path, and darkens every hearthstone. Money cannot buy him, kings cannot flatter him, beauty cannot bewitch him, music cannot charm him, love cannot melt him, power cannot bind him. He heeds no prayer, he fears no rank, he regards no station. Priest and prophet, king and courtier, judge and juror, the gray-haired man and the robust youth, the diamond prince and the tattered beggar, the ripened scholar and the unlettered peasant, the smiling maiden and the weeping babe—all, yes, all alike, hear his voice, feel his iron grasp, and pass on and out at his biddings. He breathes upon them and they wither like the leaf in the north wind. They sleep their dreamless sleep in his prison house—the still, cold grave.

Will they sleep there forever? No! Ten thousands times No! Cry it from the mountaintops, echo it through the valleys, fling it across the seas, sing it to the four winds, tell it to the stars, shout it to the heavens. If a man die he shall live again!

Death is great, but God is greater, and God has promised that Death shall be swallowed up in victory and that the time will come when there shall be no death. Therefore when we pass through the valley and shadow of death we may fear no evil.

CHRISTMAS MORN

Gone the light—on the night
For the day—on the way
 Swiftly sped.
In a room—through the gloom
Came a child—meek and mild
 To her bed.

On her knees—hear her please,
Hear her pray—hear her say,
 “Give me light.”
The prayer done—the little one
Drops her head—on the bed
 For the night.

Angel band—near her stand
In the night—clad in white
 ’Neath a screen.
Watch her eyes—in surprise,
Hear her pray—then away
 All unseen.

By her cot—is a grot
By her bed—near her head
 In the wall.
Up on high—in the sky
Stars of night—let their light
 Through it fall.

Look she cries—at the skies,
See the things—with the wings,
 See them fly;
Coming out—all about,
Hear them sing—hear them shout,
 'Neath the sky.

It is night—yet it's bright
All the way—as the day
 In its morn.
Watch them fly—up so high,
Hear them sing—of the King,
 Christ is born.

Shepherds near—also hear,
Falling down—to the ground
 They behold
Angels singing—sweet and loud,
Forms floating—like a cloud,
 Bright as gold.

Look, oh look—just over there,
Watch, oh watch—that silver star,
 All so bright;
See it swing—hanging down,
Just above—King David's town,
 With its light.

Gone the light—on the night
Do not fear—go your way,
 Get you down;
Go and see—Christ the Lamb,
He is born—in Bethlehem,
 King David's town.

Then the song—floats along
On the cloud—long and loud
 O'er Judea's hill;
With its notes—loud and clear
Unto men—far and near,
 Peace, Good will.

At the ending—of the years,
One the echo—almost hears,
 Sounding still.
Every coming—Christmas morn,
Thoughts anew—of it are born,
 Peace, be still.

I MUST SIGH

Though the world may laugh for gladness
While my heart is full of sadness,

I must sigh;

Though some one somewhere may love me,
Thousands think themselves above me,
And they pass me by.

The ways of some are bright and sunny,
Life to them is sweet and funny

And I hear them cry:

Stop your sighing and you pining,
Dark clouds have a silver lining,
You will see them by and by.

The truth of this I'm not denying,
Yet I cannot stop my sighing,

You ask me why.

The silver clouds are far above me,
Far away like those that love me,
And their silver's next the sky.

A GNAT

A gnat lit on an ox's horn,

And to the ox did say: .

"If my weight cannot be borne
I'll have to fly away."

The ox made not a reply,
In pleasure or in scorn;
He never knew the gnat was nigh,
Much less upon his horn.

Some little folks, much like the gnat,
Feel large in church and state,
While neither one knows where they're at,
Much less to feel their weight.

THE VOICE OF BEREAVEMENT

No flower grows—in winter snows
To tell us it is spring;
We find no charm—in winter's storm,
No bloom—nor bird to sing.

There sings no lark when it is dark
To make the old world glad;
When north winds call and sear leaves fall
Old mother earth looks sad.

So while I write—around is night,
My heart is sad and sore;
A new grave keeps a form that sleeps,
I'll meet on earth no more.

A child is gone, a dear, dear, one—
A solace and a stay,
Who through the years helped share my
cares,
And helped me on life's way.

One time so small—left as my all
To drive away the gloom,
When she who smiled upon her child
Went to the silent tomb.

The sunshine in her childish heart
Did love revive—and hope impart
To this poor heart of mine.
Beneath its charm I bore my loss,
I took my place and bore my cross—
How can I help but pine?

Since she no more upon this shore
Will ever call my name.
Out from my sleep I wake and weep,
I cannot help the same.

And yet I weep not without hope
My faith doth grasp a larger scope,
It goes beyond the grave;
For He who called my child away
Will give her back some bright sweet day
He has the power to save.

My years have numbered most three-score,
My boat is drifting near the shore
Where evening shadows fall;
My day of toil will soon be done,
I'm near the hour of setting sun,
When I shall hear the call.

I then like her shall pass away
Into a long and brighter day,
Where all is peace and rest;
God holds my time within his hand,
I move or rest at his command,
He knows what time is best.

TODAY

The dawn of each new day, like an angel of mercy drops within your palm the golden key of new opportunities. Grasp it while you may, use it while you can, and while the stars are fading and the feathered songsters are warbling notes of gladness at the gates of day, commune with thine own heart and put your feeble hand into the hand of the loving Father who stands ready to hear thee, willing to lead thee,

able to save thee, and out of the inner chamber
of your secret soul and let this prayer ascend:

Father of Mercy, hear me, I pray;
Lead, oh, lead me, through this new day.
I never will return this way
To mend the deeds, or words I say.
Rule in my heart, rule in my brain,
That in them there may rest no stain
Of evil thoughts or base desire,
In memory's urn to burn as fire.
Lift my poor feet that they may stand
Upon the plains of Beulah land.
I ask not power, I ask not gold,
But for an hour that I may hold
A helping hand to some poor soul
That's striving hard to reach the goal.
Help me to seek, help me to find,
The poor, the weak, the halt, the blind,
That I may help them in their need
Their bodies and their souls to feed
Some word, some deed to them impart
To light their way to cheer their heart.
In other words, I ask to be
A worker for mankind and Thee.
I love to live, I live to love,
And work like Him who lives above.
Then help me, Lord, to walk today

Along the straight, the narrow way.
Let not my duty go undone
Until the setting of the sun,
And when the hour shall lose its light
In shadows of the silent night,
And I shall rest in slumbers deep,
While angels near their watch shall keep,
May they but sing in soft refrain
He lived today, but not in vain.



The bird can fly, but cannot swim,
Because there is no fin in him.
The fish can swim, but cannot fly,
He has no wing, he need not try.
God fits up each and every one
To do the work He'd have done;
He's fitted me and fitted you,
To do the work He'd have us do;
To do the work that He'd have done;
Lord help us know and help us be
Willing to work as pleaseth Thee.



Two men may differ and both be wrong,
but two men can't differ and both be right.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

Delivered to the Farmers' Institute Held in Newark, Arkansas, December 15, 1913

Gentlemen—There are two things that present themselves to public speakers: First, who they are to speak to; second, what they are to say. An old colored man going into court as a witness, turned his back to the jury, and delivered his testimony to the judge. The judge told him to speak to the jury. The old man turned around and remarked, "Good mornin', gentlemen."

I am glad to say to you "Good morning gentlemen." I am glad to welcome you to our town; I am glad that I have been selected to extend to you this word of welcome; I am glad

That they thought good to call on Brown
To bid you welcome to our town.

We may not be able to treat you as well as we desire, or as well as you deserve; but I can assure you that if Noah was still living in that wonderful craft which he built we could excel him in one thing—he could only invite you into his old ark, while we can invite you into our New-ark. We live in an age of progress. Some one in speaking of the advantages of the present over the past, said:

“Our fathers took a lantern,
When they took a stroll;
But we snatch down the lightning
And hang it on a pole.”

Newark has not hung it yet, but she has sentenced it to hang, and expects to gladly witness its execution.

Science and art are great factors in the world's progress—science teaches us to know things, art shows us how to do things.

There is no broader or better field for their operations than the field of agriculture. Mother Nature has locked up in her storehouse wonderful treasures for her children. Science teaches them where to find the key; art shows them how to open the door that leads to these treasures.

We are glad to welcome you, gentlemen, into our midst, for we are sure that you have brought along some of these keys to distribute among us, so that when you shall have gone away we will be better able to take these keys and pick our locks—of cotton.

We do not expect you to teach us everything, for the word “finite” is engraved across the archway of every human life. Science has

accomplished great things, but still greater things remain to be accomplished. Mr. Edison has his limitations. He has never been able to discover a method by which a man would be able to walk on one leg while the other leg rested, nor to milk a cow by lightning. But some have been kicked by the cow while milking and imagined lightning was in the neighborhood. Mr. Edison has never been able to reduce wet water to a dry powder, so we could put it into capsules and carry it in our vest pockets, doing away with the private drinking cup.

Eli Pekins reported him as working up a method by which he could extract the heat from fire, leaving the fire harmless, while he could ship the heat out in flour barrels to be used for cooking purposes. I think the experiment was a failure, though I am willing to admit that men in Memphis, Little Rock, and even our neighbor town, Newport, have shipped some kind of hot stuff into our town which has dazed and staggered some of our citizens.

Mr. Burbank brought out some new varieties of potatoes, but he never brought out one that would hoe and dig itself. If he had, the people of Newark would use no other kind.

Some people oppose "book larnin'" in farming, but many things can be learned from the pen of writers. Years ago I read an article on farming. The writer said to put fence posts out with sharp ends up, so that boys climbing onto the fence to argue would soon come to the point. He said never plant corn over ten feet deep, and I never have since I read that, and I have always made corn enough to do me—with what I could manage to buy.

The spirit of Mother Eve is upon her children. They are seeking to know more today than they knew yesterday. Farmers are not an exception to this rule.

Farmers are made as well as born,
And many seek to know
How they may grow three ears of corn
Where one was wont to grow.

In reaching out after knowledge they sometimes fall victims to deceivers. An old farmer read an advertisement, "Send a dollar and learn how to keep your horse from slobbering." The dollar went and the information came back, "Teach him to spit."

But that farmer has not "yit"
Taught his horse just how to spit,

But he came out about as well as the one that bought the patent hen's nest called "The Hen Perswader." It was a double-deck concern, the lower part being a cushioned basket, the upper part shaped like a wash-pan, with a hole in the center, so that an egg dropping into it would roll through the hole and fall into the basket out of sight. The purpose of the inventor was to fool the hen, which, after laying, would come off the nest, look back and see no egg. Thinking she had failed to lay, she would go back and lay again. Keeping this up all day, one hen would supply a whole family with fresh eggs. Well, the fellow said he tried the nest with a young pullet that had just reached the laying stage in life. You know there is a stage in the life of a hen called the laying stage, when she begins to lay, while there is a stage in the life of some men called the lying stage, when they begin to lie.

This pullet pulled on to this nest one day,
Beginning to cackle and then to lay,
So when the day its course had run
And twilight shadows hid the sun,
The thought came to the farmer's mind
To look and see what he could find.
Just thirteen eggs he found below—

Unlucky number, all do know.
No hen he found about that nest,
For she had laid herself to rest.
Nothing from the nest he gathers
But ten toe nails and a bunch of feathers.

We may doubt the hen reaching such a laying stage; but we do not doubt her would-be owner reaching such a lying stage. For hens are like women in one thing—they are hard to fool. Though Bill Nye tells us that when he kept a hennery he had one hen to set on a door knob six weeks trying to hatch a hotel.

We are glad you men are going to teach us some things about raising chickens. Women learn a great deal about chickens from poultry journals, but the editors of such journals sometimes make mistakes. A woman wrote and asked if one mother hen could care for ten chickens. He answered, "No, ten chickens are too many for one hen to suckle." My wife is anxious to hear your talk on chickens. She likes chickens—so do I. Her favorite is the Barred Plymouth Rock chicken; my favorite is the fat fried chicken. As the colored preacher said, "Chicken am my favorite vegetable." The best way I have ever found to raise a chicken is to raise it with a dining fork,

Sam Jones said colored people are good hands to raise chickens, but that they never raise them until they get half-grown.

Another thing women are interested in is the cow. An old lady kept a cow, bringing up her butter yield, higher and higher, until one morning she went to milk her and the cow actually turned to butt(h)er—because she had been dehorned and could not hook her.

This thing of dehorning cattle is a new thing. I remember the first dehorned cattle I ever saw was about 20 years ago. I thought when I saw a carload of them that they were a big bunch of muleys. Now we not only dehorn cattle, but saloon men all over the State are kicking because the good people are going to take the Going bill and dehorn their customers, thus depriving them of their personal liberty—

So that a man, although freeborn,
Can't whip his wife, nor take a horn.

Talking about live stock, it takes feed to make live stock, and farms to make feed. We people are lovers of the soil—

We love old Mother Earth,
And some do love her so,
They will not scratch her with a plow
Nor hit her with a hoe.

But all are not so sentimental. They like to tickle her with these instruments

And make her give and give again
The fleecy staple and the golden grain.

Some of our citizens fear neither the farm nor the plow, for they will sleep in the fields beside the plow without the thought of fear.

There have been two great problems before our farmers: One was what to do with their old fields; the other was what to do with the boys. Time and nature seem to solve these problems. The two have come together, for I have seen all the boys of a neighborhood meet in an old field and toil all day. You may ask, "Did they make anything?" "Did they raise anything?" "Yes, sir; they made diamonds—baseball diamonds, and they raised yells that would make a Comanche Indian go and take a back seat while he turned green with envy. Yes, our boys can do things. The Corn Club boys make double the amount of corn made by their fathers. They know how to raise other things besides corn. Some of them will work even after their fathers have gone to sleep; they will go over in their neighbors' fields and "raise" watermelons.

But I have said enough. I don't want to do

like Burdette's man that put his mouth to talking
and went off and forgot it. But I do want to
bid you welcome to our town.

We have no latchstring on our door,
For the latchstring is no more.
The latchstring man lost his job,
Another fellow made a knob.
So while the latchstring is no more
There is a knob on every door.
Turn that knob where'er you roam,
Walk in and make yourself at home.

DESTINY

On the forest bosom
 There is born a flower,
Pushed into being
 By an unseen power
That fixed its place
 'Neath the vaulted sky
Where the wild birds sing
 And the Southwinds sigh,
Where the sunbeams sweep
 Like a gold gilt sea
O'er grass clad vales,
 O'er crag and tree,
That blushing flower

With its lovely hue,
Fanned by the winds,
Kissed by the dew,
Doth live and blush
'Neath the summer sky,
While the shadows creep
And the days pass by.

But alas, its beauty
Is born to fade,
Like an evening hour
'Neath the twilight shade;
Though the sunbeams laugh
Or the Southwinds sigh,
It is doomed to wither,
It is doomed to die;
The power that formed it
Ordained it must
In silence pass
To the vale of dust.

A human bud, a human flower,
Pushed into life by the self-same power,
To live and love and hope and sigh,
On the fields of life while the years go by
To climb the hills on the road of life,
To grind at the mills of human life;
Like the forest flower to die it must,

And mingle back with it's mother dust
In the vale of silence there to lie,
While creeping ages pass on by.

But Faith and Hope and Love doth stand,
A brilliant group and an angel band,
To soothe the heart, to dry the tears
And bid us wait the coming years.
They sing of one, a mighty friend,
That will go with us to the end;
That when our bodies droop and die
Will lift our spirits 'bove the sky.
The soul immortal never must
Die and mingle with the dust.
There is a home, they call it Heaven,
And to the soul that home is given.
They tell us in the by and by
That friend is coming from the sky,
With angel guard and trumpet sound,
To fright the seas and shake the ground.
Then earth's sleeping millions must
Awake and leave their beds of dust;
For death no longer can remain
Our souls in them will live again,
And give these bodies formed of clay
A life that will not pass away.
Our souls in them will live again.
Both immortal will remain.
Eternal ages passing by

Will never see them fade or die.
Thank God for faith, for hope, for love,
That points us to that home above,
Where none will sin, where none will sigh,
Where none will faint, where none will
die.

Our loved and lost upon that shore
Will meet us there to part no more.
No clock will strike the passing hour,
No frost will blight the blooming flower,
No night will close the gates of day,
No form in death will pass away;
We'll sing while passing to that shore,
"I'm going home to die no more."

WAR—THE DEVIL'S UPAS TREE .

War is the Devil's upas tree, that has stretched its black and poisoned shadow across every age, and every nation. Its roots reach down to the foundation of Hell, and are warmed by its fires, while they feed on the gold, the ashes, and the blood, of a misguided, mistreated humanity.

The sap of the tree runs hot in anger, greed and lust. It stretches its gaunt limbs across the nameless graves of earth's slaughtered millions.

Every quivering leaf bears the record of a crime penned in blood and tears so deep, so dark, the rains of centuries cannot erase them. It's fruit is the fruit of Sodom, full of wormwood, ashes, and death. In the gloom of its midnight shadow gather the ghostly forms of the dead years to mourn their loss, to curse their fate, and deride their folly, while all about them swing and sweep, and quiver, the sombre branches of the tree, as they dance to the music of the night winds, that sobs with grief, that pleads with pity, that curses with anguish, that shrieks with sorrow, that yells with pain, and howls with despair. Echo sounds—falling from dead lips and dead ages.

Is this the tree that humanity needs? Shall we build our altars under it and bring our sacrifices to it? Shall we teach our maidens to sing its honors and our young men to feed it with their blood? Shall we burden our people with taxation—pour out our nation's gold to build about this tree a mighty wall lest its branch should wither or its fruits should fail? God forbid!

Divine experience crieth: Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. Gal. 6:7.

Divine wisdom crieth: The tree is known
by its fruits. Matt, 7:20.

Divine justice crieth: Cut it down; why
cumbereth it the ground? Luke 13:7.

The world's best citizenship and America's
most noble statesmen are crying out: Behold,
now the axe is laid unto the root of the tree.
Matt. 3:10.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN 1908

'Tis Christmas time; the stars hang out
God's lanterns in the northern sky;
The crescent moon is sinking, soon
Behind the mountains wild and high.

Dark shadows stand in forest glades,
Like sombre spirits of the dead,
That wake from sleep, but not to weep,
Because their lease of time has fled.

The moaning north winds seem to wake,
From slumbering couch of frozen snow,
And from it's icy fetters break,
O'er cloud-capped hills and vales below.

No song bird lifts a trembling note,
To freight the wind with thoughts of life,
With clenching claws 'neath feathered
throat.
It holds its perch amid the strife.

Was this the kind of night when they,
In Judea's hills beheld the star,
And heard the voice of angels sing,
The songs of glory from afar?

When He who from His lofty throne,
Stooped down into this world of night,
That He might claim us for his own,
And lift us up to life and light.

No wonder angels tuned their harps,
And sang beneath that winter sky—
"Peace on earth, good will to men."
That song on earth will never die.

Though centuries past have gone to sleep,
Between the time of now and then,
Yet time will never fail to keep,
That song alive in hearts of men.



Some folks are kicking at everybody and
then wondering why somebody kicked them.

THE NEGRO'S VISION

The looked for meeting day had come,
The congregation met together,
A thing they never failed to do,
Regardless of the wind or weather.

White folks shiver at the cold,
And talk about the wretched weather,
While the darkies, young and old,
Congregate themselves together.

They do some things that seem quite odd,
Some pepole laugh and talk about them,
Yet with great zeal they serve their God,
Excelling some that seem to doubt them.

Of course we know they are black sheep,
Their skin from them has not departed,
But they are better off a heap,
Than some white sheep that are black
hearted.

I do not claim that all are good,
I know just what I am about—
They have some bad as well as good,
Some black inside as well as out.

These black inside ones sometimes reach,
For places where they don't belong,
They sometimes pray and sometimes preach
And oftimes help to swell the song.

So on this day of which I speak,
They had an old man for a teacher,
A young man came that day to seek
A place among them as a preacher.

With derby hat and umbrella,
And long-tail coat and boots a shining,
He stood erect a dandy fellow,
And spoke with voice soft and whining.

"Brudders and sisters, one and all,
You knows I'se neber been to college,
But I feels I has a call—
God to me has give dis knowledge.

"De Lord has called me to dis work,
I feel, I know, it am His choice,
And from dis call I will not shirk,
I seen a sign but not a voice.

"In de vision of de night,
Three bright letters I did see,
Shining brighter dan de light,
Dere was written—G. P. C.

"Yes, dis vision I did see,
I saw it once, I saw it twice,
And de interpretation be,
Of dese letters, Go Preach Christ.

"Now as dis vison I did see,
Not only once, but once again,,
I'se come this mornin' unto thee,
To ask to be ordained."

The old man, looking hard at him,
Said, "Other proof, sir, we demand it,
Your vision like your gift is slim,
I see you do not understand it.

"The Lord His work doth understand,
And when a preacher He is pickin'
He'll not run to call a man,
That's run so much to catch a chicken.

"G stands for go, we see that well.
P stands for preach, also for plow,
C stands for corn, as well as Christ,
Do you understand it now?

"That G. P. C. says, "Go Plow Corn,"
That is the meaning of the letter,
That is your call, sure as your're born,
Because that you can do it better.

"C stands for corn, also for cotton,
P stands for plow, also for pick,
As sure as T will stand for trottin',
Or another T for tick.

"That G. P. C. in vision born,
I hope will never be forgotten,
It means, my brother, Go Plow Corn,
Or else it means to Go Pick Cotton.

"Now don't you see my brother, dear,
That to preach is not your station,
For that vision is so clear,
It calls you to the old plantation."

STICK TO YOUR BUSH

Stand and fight for the right,
Through the shadows of the night;
Let me say, come what may,
God will crown you in the day.

Sins may press you, and distress you,
Sorrows sweep like tempest's blast;
God will lead you, God will feed you,
And will crown you at the last,

SIXTY ACRES OF CORN

Written in Reply to a Distillery
Man's Article

Sixty acres of corn they say will produce,
Over twelve thousand gallons of juice;
Twelve thousand gallons of juice for men's
swallows,
Will bring the whiskey men thousands of
dollars.

Twelve thousand gallons of whiskey you take,
And one thousand drunkards with it you
make.
One thousand drunkards in one year's time,
Will, beyond question, be guilty of crime.

One thousand crimes from ten thousand
sprees,
Will bring the lawyers five thousand in
fees;
Then on the court dockets you read the
reports,
Of thousands in fines paid into the courts.

Out of one thousand drunkards , ten
murderers you'll find,
Who murder their fellows while out of
their mind,
Five then at least of this murderous gang,
Will be found guilty, and therefore will
hang.

So five wood workmen will therefore erect,
Five wooden gallows to hang them by neck;
The five men now hung and the men that they
killed,
Call for new coffins by them to be filled.

The judge and the jury that help try the case,
The sheriff and jailer that hold them in
place,
The men that makes scaffolds and coffins
you see,
All get employment out of the spree.

Also the grave-digger who digs up the mold,
Is aided by whiskey to gather in gold;
So the pure whiskey vender his country so
loves,
With heart soft and tender (?) helps folks
as above,

He helps to make money, he helps to make
crime,

He's helping the Devil the most of his time;
He helps the old father to look on his child,
Chained down by the demon, now drunken
and wild.

He helps the old mother, with tears on her
face,

To look on her boy in shame and disgrace,
He helps the poor drunkard to ruin his life,
To mistreat his children and rob his own
wife.

He helps to drag men down to a level,
That makes them act like an incarnate
devil;

He may help some pocket with money to
swell,

By crowding the docket with victims for
Hell.

AGITATION

God agitates this world with strife,
And keeps it moving, full of life
With lightning flash and breath of storm,
He keeps it living, bright and warm.

The winds across the ocean sweep,
And stir the waters wide and deep,
This agitation you call strife,
Within the waters keep the life.

Should wild winds stop forever more,
And stillness reign from shore to shore,
The power of death would calmly creep,
And hold dominion o'er the deep.

So in the sea of human thought,
Hard mental battles must be fought,
And should these battles not endure,
The sea of thought would be impure.

It is not wrong, it is but right,,
To hunt the truth and for it fight,
Fight for the day against the night,
Drive out the dark, let in the light.

DON'T BORROW SORROW

One thing never borrow—
That is coming sorrow;
Just wait 'till the days come by,
Don't cross the bridge of tomorrow,
Nor feed on last week's sorrow;
Let the troubles past all die,

THE SALT RIVER PACKET

(After Democratic Primary in Independence
County, Arkansas, 1900.)

On March the tenth, when all were gay,
A sturdy packet sailed this way,
And anchored near the ballot shore,
To get her crew when counts were o'er

Salt river is the steam, you know,
Where candidates do oftentimes go,
Many a fond and brilliant dream,
Lies buried in that briny stream,

So on the day that I have stated,
Many on this boat were freighted,
A calm, cool breeze did make them shiver,
As they started up Salt River.

Of course we all had friends you know,
Who did regret to see us go;
They did their best, you understand,
To keep us all safe on the land.

Their votes were good enough to do,
They only failed because so few;
We did not sigh; but gaily laughed,
As we went sailing on this craft.

A tune of hope we all were humming,
About a brighter day that's coming;
There was on board a jolly crew,
Their names I'll mention now to you.

You know of course we had the honor,
To have on board good Captain Warner,
As he had made the trip before,
He knew the stream from shore to shore.

He was captain; Hail was clerk;
Tom Raney helped to do the work;
While Lige Matheny standing near,
Helped them keep the records clear.

Mr. Reed, both fat and funny,
As collector, counts the money;
Said Padgett went, while here he sits,
Like one of old named Mr. Schmits.

John Masner, our bright forerunner,
Was smiling still, a perfect stunner;
He failed to get but little holt,
Still kept in sight of Thompson's colt.

Another one also we take,
'Tis Joseph that did run with Jake;
Jake ran so fast it made Joe sore,
So he now trots with just one Moore.,

Rufe Baker went along, you know,
He claims that Jacob baked his dough,
It's rather tough, though no reproof,
We all like Jake and all like Rufe.

Judge Arnold, with his pleasant features,
Sat between two Baptist preachers;
He did not preach, but oft did pray,
For votes enough to go with Gray,

His text would be, if he should preach,
"Will Wright's coat-tail is out of reach."
Brother Goodwin talks so soft,
About a tail cut smack, smooth off.

Who made the weapon cut that way?
He meekly answered, Wright and Gray.
Another stood up with the crew,
He sure is Brown, but is not blue.

He cannot tell what broke his leg,
Whether 10 per cent, or a whiskey keg;
But broke it is, without a doubt,
And he is limping now without.

You know, dear friends, I cannot fudge,
On those who run for county judge;
They will not kick, though hard I punch,
They had "Old Nick" within their bunch.

Squire Tomlinson was on our deck,
He is not judge by half a peck.
Of course he was not sad and gruffy,
But chats away with Bone and Duffey.

As Rutledge is the oldest man,
We comfort him whene'er we can;
We did not leave him all alone,
But let him keep with him his Bone.

The very Bone that he doth take,
Is the same Bone he tried to break;
The bone that broke was in his back,
Caused by a kick from Lindsey's jack.

Tom Dearing kinder squints one eye,
And says, "Ah, boys how's that for high?"
They answered back almost a squall
That self-same Jack has kicked us all.

Lige said to Tom, "There is no doubt,
But that its Raney now without;"
"Raney? Yes, this stormy gale,
Is cold enough to blow up Hail."

This storm has blown so long and oft,
That our county has a (Wy) cough;
It's hard for some now to endure it,
She'll (Wy) cough four years before
they cure it.

The sun is sinking in the west,
It's time for tired folks to rest,
While o'er our heads the stars are gleam-
ing—
Of brighter days we will be dreaming.

Be honest true and undeceiving,
Do what is right, and don't be grieving
Over failures, don't be whining—
The darkest clouds have silver lining.

THE YOUNG ORATOR

He was there, just out of the woods;
The things of mystery he understood;
He was there to "deliver the goods"
And make the old world wise
The rainbows, to him, all were greased,
He slid over them with perfect ease,
He sniffed the stars and never sneezed,
Nor stopped to bat his eyes.
He told us where the sun doth rise,
And how it floats across the sky;
And how a Dutchman eats his pies—
And other things he told.
He dipped his wings in the two deep seas
And flopped his tail o'er Mexican trees,
And stretched his neck with perfect ease
And pecked the old North Pole.

MINISTERIAL EDUCATION

We stand up firm for education,
To help our brethren fill their station,
As preachers of the written word,
That their great message may be heard.

The people of this age demand,
That the preachers understand,
How to preach, and how to pray,
And how to teach them every day.

When God calls for a man to go,
The way, the Truth, the Life to show—
That man should study, and should pray,
And seek for knowledge every day.

It's just and right that he should seek,
To know the language he must speak,
That he the truth may plainly tell,
That speaks of Heaven or warns of hell.

An education, we admire,
That gives men light, and vim, and fire;
That makes them leaders of the host,
By power of truth and Holy Ghost.

But what some call an education,
We must call abomination;
That dwarfs a man in brain and heart,
And make him act the monkey's part.

That binds him fast in custom's bands,
And leads him with tradition's hands,
And makes him speak in parrot form—
Is but a sham, that breedeth harm.

God bless the first, and help them grow—
May our young preachers to them go—
There gather strength, in mind and heart,
In life's great field to do their part.

THE BEST OLD PLACE I EVER SAW

The best old place that I ever saw,
Is what some call old Arkansas;
Some don't like it; they grumble and fret
And say it's a saw with a terrible set;
But I can stand them most any day
And they can stand me, or else move
away.



If things that last long are valuable then
some sermons are worth much.

JAKE AND BELLE

(A poem read at the Silver Wedding of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Magness, Newark, Ark.)

Twenty-five years of time have fled,
 Since two young lovers wooed and wed;
Their names to you I need not tell—
 One was Jake and one was Belle—
We think they did make no mistake,
 When Jake chose Belle, and Belle chose
 Jake;
Jake thought that day he would do well,
 To take with him his favorite Belle.

It's tone was music, soft and sweet,
 That oft had made his glad heart beat;
And should you ask him, he would tell,
 That he still loves that same dear Belle;
Belle decided she could take,
 No better one with her than Jake,
So through the pathway of these years,
 They've mixed their smiles, and mixed
 their tears.

And now with temples tinged with gray,
 They've reached their silver wedding day,
And we, their friends, together come,
 To greet them in their happy home;
We are glad they've had these years of joy,

We are glad they have their girls and
boy—

For furnished homes are cheerless places,
When not lit up with children's faces;
We bring them smiles, unmixed with tears,
And wish them many happy years.
May love and friendship crown their way,
Until their Golden Wedding day.

OLD TIME SCHOOL DAYS

How sweet is the thought,
Of the days of our childhood;
When with patches and scratches,
We went to the school;
Yelling like Indians,
Off in the wild woods,
Regardless of what
Might be etiquette's rule.

Dame Fashion our souls,
Had never polluted,
With vici kid shoes,
Bought out of a store;
The fashion prevailed,
For all the barefooted,
And the nicest of kids
Had toes with a sore.

Like soldiers with knapsacks,
We carried our luncheon—
Eggs, meat and stewed “punkin,”
And buttermilk white,
Which we placed on a shelf,
Made out of a puncheon,
Where we scotched it, and watched it,
And longed for a bite.

Our book sacks, with books,
Were not very stuffy,
Like book sacks that children
Must carry today;
The readers we read,
Were made by McGuffey;
We figured on problems
Propounded by Ray.

We carried a slate,
On which we made figures,
With the joint of a cane,
With pencil in hole;
Also made pictures,
Of ducks, dogs and niggers,
A hen or a rooster,
At roost on a pole.

But while we marked,
We watched for the teacher,
Lest our new pictures,
Fall under his eye.
If he moved, we would spit
On the form of each creature,
And then with our sleeve
We would wipe it all dry.

They needed no watch,
As a stop, or beginner,
The sun through a crack,
The noon hour tells;
Then would the teacher
Dismiss us for dinner,
Which would produce
A whoop and some yells.

We would spring to the puncheon,
And grab for our luncheon,
Then make for the spring,
At the foot of the hill;
Tom, Dick, and Sally—
Around it would rally,
And from a big gourd
Would drink to their fill.

“The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,”
Into this fountain,
Not one time had fell;
We drank from the gourd,
Then on a stake stuck it—
We drank from the gourd,
And did just as well.

No private cup then,
About us did rattle;
All drank from one gourd,
Throughout the hole terms;
We knew not that science,
With microbes did battle,
And raging contagion,
Was loaded with germs.

When dinner was over,
Like bees in the clover,
We'd swarm to the play-ground,
And gather our bats—
Town ball and Bull pen,
Were games that we played then,
With marbles, antni-over, and cat,

"Frog-in-the-mill-pond,"
And the playing of "base,"
With "wolf-over-the-river;"
Each had a place,
Where young beginners,
Could get in the chase,
To settle their dinners,
And redden their face.

No bell did they ring,
To call us to study,
They knocked on a board,
Or knocked on the door;
We would wash feet and face
Both dusty and muddy,
And pin up the place,
In our pants that we tore.

Then off to the house,
As blithe and as jolly,
As any young folks,
You ever did see;
John smiling at Katie,
Jim looking at Mollie,
While each had a hope,
Of what they might be,

Our seats were logs, split,
Standing up on four pegs;
On which we would sit,
And dangle our legs;
With books in our hands,
Their pages we'd turn,
In search of the lessons
Assigned us to learn.

At the end of the day,
We knew very well,
A lesson "by heart,"
We all had to spell;
The girls with their curls,
The boys with toes sore,
Had to track to a crack,
That ran 'cross the floor.

The only book used,
For spelling that day,
Was Webster's old blue back—
We spelled horse-back, lamp-black,
Baker and poker,
And in-com-pat-i-bil-i-ty—
But it was a choker.

If a scholar went head,
We thought he did well,
Using Ph and Th,
His Phthisic to spell;
If a boy went foot,
He took it in fun,
With a glad happy look,
When the lesson was done.

But time maketh changes,
On things as a rule—
So broad are its ranges,
It works on the school.
If an old time teacher,
His methods presented,,
We'd pity the creature,
And think him demented.

While in justice and truth,
We are bound for to say,
These old time teachers,
Worked good in their day;
For many reaped knowledge,
And virtue, and skill,
In the log cabin college,
That stood on the hill.

Gone, gone, are those days,
With the years that have run,
With most of the students,
Life's lesson is done;
The log house has gone,
From it's place on the hill,
The teacher and children
Are siilent and still.

Save a small number,
Now feeble and gray,
Grouped in the twilight,
Night's mantle for day
In the vale of their memory,
Through the mist of their years,
They hear them through echo,
They see them through tears.

At the brink of the river,
They hear the glad oar,
They shrink not, nor shiver,
Nor dread to pass o'er;
From life's murky fountain,
They fear not to pass,
To the top of the mountain,
To join their old class.

GOD'S MILLS

God's mill grinds slowly,
To be sure,
But onward moveth still;
And sure as fate,
Both love and hate,
Must each pass through this mill.

The crown of fame,
The robe of shame,
In it doth each appear;
The tyrant's clutch,
The beggar's crutch,
Alike are passing here.

The cry of greed,
The sigh of need,
Doth drop into this mill;
Through centuries' flight,
In time's dark night,
It grinds and ever will.

There ne'er remain,
One seed of grain,
But in this mill must fall,
For soon or late,
As sure as fate.
God's mill will grind out all.

LIFE

Life is a thing from heaven lent,
By nature up or downward bent;
And filled with sadness or content,
 Not both, but one may be;
A mystery deep and undefined,
Unfathomed by the human mind,
All from one source yet many kind,
 In nature and degree.

How high is life we cannot tell,
How broad athwart it's waves may swell,
While delving down as deep as hell,
 It seems to cover all;
Yes this universe of God,
By foot of man or angel trod,
Around, above, beneath this clod,
 This moving earthly ball.

God is its source from Him it springs,
To animate all living things,
That walks with feet or flies with wings,
 In hell or earth or heaven;
From Seraph on his throne of fire,
Where angels sweep their golden lyre,
To where dark demons can't expire,
 By Him each life is given.

Oh, God, this life within us burns,
A flickering flame that upward turns,
A living fellowship it yearns,
 With Thee it's source divine;
Within thy plan it runs its race,
Oh, feed it with thine oil of grace,
Let heaven be it's resting place,
 Heaven bright home of thine.

For Thou are able Lord to keep,
This life of mine while ages sweep,
Across creation's mystic deep,
 It's destiny unfold;
Then let it rest beneath Thy throne,
Where joy in fullness will be known,
Where Christ will lead and feed His own
 On pleasures yet untold.

DON'T SCATTER THORNS

Don't scatter thorns,
In Life's highway,
To pierce the traveler's feet;
There is pain enough,
On the way so rough,
For the pilgrim's soul to meet.

Let your tongue throw out,
It's kindest words,
And the face it's sweetest smile;
They will fall like light,
Through the gloom of night,
And help some one awhile.

We all do wrong,
As we go along,
Through this vale of night;
It's better to pray,
As we go our way,
Than it is to quarrel and fight.

THE VALUE OF A BOOK

Did you ever stop for a while to look,
Or count the price of a noble book?
Did you ever consider how much we owe,
To the books that come and the books
that go?
They gleam like stars o'er the distant past,
From oblivion's shadow they hold it fast;
The past and the present together they
hold,
With stronger fetters than brass or gold.

Books—knowledge, brings of the by-gone
ages,
The nation's kings, and knights, and
sages;
Their laws, their customs, their crimes,
their creed,
Are all revealed in the books we read;
The poets dream in the studied verse,
They to our minds so oft rehearse;
The songs they sung, with soft refrain,
Like murmuring echoes we hear again.

A bookless world—how sad indeed,
No pen could measure one-half its need;
It's past a dead forgotten sea,
It's future a vague uncertainty;
A giant, blind, in clanking chain
With vacant mind and stunted brain;
Or who would wish to live or look,
Upon a world without a book?



Some one has defined the Pessimist as the man that predicts a late spring, a dry summer, an early autumn and a cold winter. He is also the man that having choice between two evils takes both. While the Optimist is decribed as having a bump of hope larger than his head.

TO BE A BOY

To be a boy—to be a boy—
With brilliant hopes, and laughing joy;
To wish to be—what we have been—
Say, tell me, is that wish a sin?

To be a boy, as glad and free,
As singing birds, or humming bee;
With heart as pure, and eyes as bright,
As gleaming stars on fields of night.

To be a boy, with feet as bare,
As mountain rocks in desert air;
Yes, feet unpierced by thorns of strife,
That hedge the way of manhood's life.

To be a boy, with conscience clean,
As brooks that dash the rocks between;
Where sin hath left no touch of slime,
And memory holds no deed of crime.

Oh, what could give us sweeter joy,
Than once again to be a boy?
To roam the woods, and wade the streams
And revel in sweet childish dreams.

To seek wild flowers in shaded dells,
Drive home the cows, with tinkling bells,
To count the stars upon the sky,
Or chase the winged butterfly.

Our boyhood days will come no more,
They stand alone—on memory's shore;
To wish, to pray, is all in vain,
We'll never be a boy again.

If we could cross the long ago,
And all be boys now don't, you know,
We'd do again as we did then,
We'd sigh, and wish, we could be men.

A DEAR LITTLE BOY

(The following lines written for Bro. Alexander Tucker, who was mourning the loss of a dear little grandson.)

God give us a smile,
For a little while,
On the face of a little boy;
He was only lent,
As an angel sent,
To fill our hearts with joy.

But one sad day,
He went away,
The little one to us given;
God thought it best,
To give him rest,
So he took him up to heaven.

He left us here,
In a world of care,
To tread this vale of sorrow;
But it won't be long,
'Till we join the throng—
We are going home tomorrow.

Yes, by and by,
We'll upward fly,
To the place of lasting joy;
And there'll we see,
And there we'll be,
Forever with our boy.

CONUNDRUM

What is that running over the hill,
Running it is and yet it is still?
It runs by the farm, it runs by the mill,
Though it never did move and never will.

The rain falls on it, yet it don't melt,
And while it's frozen the cold is not felt;
It sometimes is lost, sometimes it is found,
It crosses the river, yet never is drowned.

And though we all use it, when to travel
we go,
We say that we take it, though we leave
it you know.
For no one is able to cary a load,
As big and as heavy as one Country
Road.

A PRAYER

Thou, that kindleth thought,
Within the human brain,
Whose hand doth touch the spring
In fancy's broad domain.

Let Thy pure spirit come,
This day into my heart,
And every passion rule,
That doth within it start.

Let my poor brain be filled,
Each day with thy pure light,
And through it let thy will,
Control my hand to write.

So that its power may thrill,
Across the written page,
To counteract the ill—
And love and truth engage.

And so unfold that truth,
In beauty like a flower,
That it may bring its fruit,
Of purity and power.

THE CANDIDATE

The time of election, though far away,
Is stirring the brains of some today;
The political asses begin to bray,
Wanting to nip official hay.

They come, they come, the hungry horde,
With shaking hand and honied word;
You cannot run out of their reach,
You cannot shun their shake or speech.

You never can their presence shirk—
Let patience have her perfect work,
They'll shake your hand, your back will slap,
And try to lead you in their trap.

You may be old, you may be poor,
You may be mad, you may be sore;
But none of these will e'er prevail,
To turn vote hunters from your trail.

Of course they'll say they are not above you,
Or any way, they truly love you;
And tell you when you come to town,
You must be sure and come around.

They'll tell you why they are in the field—
To friends requests they had to yield—
They knew their fitness for the place,
Before they entered in the race.

They all grew up upon the farm,
They kissed the sun and hugged the storm,
They've gripped the plow and swung the hoe,
And raised stone bruises on their toe.

Of course they dd not seek for wealth,
They quit the farm to seek for health,
No place for them now has such charm,
As the log cabin on the farm.

They know your folks from Adam down,
Both in the country and the town;
In all their houses they have been—
In fact, they are a little kin.

They'll praise your farm and house and plow,
They'll praise your dog and horse and cow,
Your heart will over run with joys,
To hear them praise your girls and boys.

Each one will known he is the man,
And you must help him all you can,
Some cause for which he'll try to rake,
In kinship or acquaintance sake.

My friend, these things we've heard before,
And if we live we'll hear them more,
So when elections come to pass,
Go show them you don't vote for gas.

So vote for men that have a heart,
To love the right and do their part,
Men having brains as well as tongue,
Whether they be old or young.

We need true men with records clear,
That scoundrels dread and boodlers fear,
Sober and honest, kind but bold,
Who will not bend to rum or gold,



Some folks are always grumbling about
this cold, cruel, wicked old world; but when
they get sick they send for a doctor to help them
stay in it,

THREE FRIENDS

I have a friend in the hills—Dr. Will Wyatt—
He cures folks of their ills—or will try it—
 Taking them thinner or thicker—
 Making them weller or sicker—
On tonic—and pills—and diet.

I have a friend in town—we call him Hade—
That travels up and down—for the trade—
 By nature he's a hummer,
 By trade he's a drummer,
 Traveling winter and summer—
To sell the best goods ever made (?)

Dr. Charles D. Tibbels—I admire—
He sings (not treble)—in the choir—
If he was fatter—he'd perspire—
But that's no matter—of desire—
 As a doctor he is an eclectic—
 He rides o'er the roughest hills,
 To cure the toughest ills—
 Some he cures and some he—don't
 With his powders and his pills—
 Gets full payment on his bills
When he is able to—collect it,

YESTERDAY, TODAY AND TOMORROW

The men of today are the children of yesterday, and the children of today are the men of tomorrow. Characters that move and impress the world, are full-grown characters. They grew yesterday—today they stand before us. Likewise the characters that will control the world tomorrow, are now forming. The poor, vile wretch, who blights the world with his touch today, gathered the vileness in bygone days. His life is but the reflection of his past environments. As Tennyson says, "He is part of all he has met." The profane word, the filthy jest, the vulgar song, that hangs upon his sin-polluted lips, are not freshly gathered. They are leaves from the Tree of Yesterday. They are today's garment, woven on yesterday's loom.,

"For the days of a man,
Are the looms of God,
Let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving ever,
'Till the Mystic Web is done."

The books read, the prayers prayed, the sermons preached, the counsel given, in the bygone years have not perished. They still live, and bring forth fruit daily in the lives of men and women about us.

A nameless man amid a crowd,
That throgned the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
A germ! Oh, fount! a word of love,
Oh, thought at random cast,
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

This being true, how careful we should be
to make pure impressions upon the minds and
hearts of the children about us.

The seed we cast,
May grow a tree,
That will ripen fruit,
For Eternity.

Let us not

Scatter seeds with a careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more,
But for a thousand years,
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,

Or healthful store.
The deeds we do, the words we say,
Into still air do seem to fleet,
We count them ever past,
But living they shall last,
In the dread judgment
They and we shall meet,
For the sake of children dear,
Keep thou the one true way,
In work and play,
Lest in that world their cry
Of woe thou hear.

THREE MINUTE'S SPEECH

(Answer to a ladies request for a 3 minute speech at a woman's meeting)

There is one thing at hand I don't understand,
It may be for want of head power;
Why a woman will limit a man to three minutes
And then talk herself for an hour;
But by your request, I will do my best,
To make you that little talk;
I'll have time to spit, to begin and to quit,
And then get down and walk,

ZEAL

A friend of mine
Called me to note
A four line verse
Which Pope once wrote.

And so that you
May know the verse
I will the same
To you rehearse:

"In virtues self
May too much zeal be had,
The worst of madness
Is a Saint run mad."

When I read this verse
My memory did recall
What the Ruler Festus
One time said to Paul (Acts 26:24)

Paul was very zealous,
Though Paul was not insane;
He had a manly boldness,
But no disordered brain.

Doubtless my friend
Put this before my face
Thinking these lines
Descriptive of my case.

Because I had displayed
On the Polemic field
What he perhaps had judged
An overheated zeal.

His judgment may be true,
Our self we cannot see;
I look and judge of you,
You look and judge of me.

So each one has his thought
Of what is right or wrong
And so by conscience taught
We are made weak or strong.

And so I had my thoughts,
And did express my views
On gambling laws in Arkansas
And joints for selling booze.

I do not wish to walk or talk,
So people cannot tell,
Whether I delight in what is right,
Or half way work for hell.

We would not wear
The name of Saint
In any place or time
And then make choice
To lift our voice
Or cast our vote for crime.

The sword of steel
Unbacked by zeal
Will never gain the fight;
Zeal is the power
In conflict's hour—
The force that gains the right.

God grant us zeal
That we may feel
To fight against the bad;
I know we should
Strive for the good
Though some should count us mad.

WEATHER PROPHETS

Some did sigh
Some did cry,
Did prophesy
A drouth is nigh.
You may reply,

It's all gone by,
The cloud is nigh.
Beneath the sky
The cool winds sigh,
'Cross corn and rye.
The harvest coming
By and by.
The rain frog croaks
From shady oaks.
They sing and cry,
No drouth is nigh;
To tell there is,
You tell a—thing,
That most of folks
Accept as jokes.

YOU CAN'T PLEASE THE WORLD

This world is in pain,
And no one can ease it;
This world will complain,
And no one can please it.

Talk just as you may,
Work just as you will;
Someone will grumble,
And kick at you still.

So decide what is right,
And go your own way,
Regardless of what
They may think or may say.

You can't please yourself,
Do the best that you can;
You need not expect,
To please some other man.

THE MOUNTAIN TOP

(Isaiah XI:9)

Do you hear that voice, my brother,
Calling so soft and so low?
Calling you up to the mountains,
Say, will you hearken and go?

Go where the wild winds are winging,
Their way over mountains so free;
Go where the wild vines are clinging,
To crag, and to shrub, and to tree.

Go up, where the birds are singing,
Their carols so light and so free;
Go where the mountain brooks springing,
Run down with a song to the sea.

Go up from the low land of sadness,
Of suffering, sorrow and strife;
Go up to the mountain of gladness,
Where loving and serving is life.

Go up where the sun of God's morning,
Drives backward sin's shadows of night,
Where He gives His first kiss without
warning,
And scatters truth's arrows of light.

Go up from the vale of the devil,
Where his fires are parching the sod;
Climb as near as you can to a level,
With angels that glorify God.

Let your voice come down to the low-
lands,
In tenderness, pity and love;
Inviting earth's weary pilgrims,
To climb to the mountains above.

Climb on to the peaks of the mountain,
That lift you up close to the sky;
'Till God shall call you up higher,
To a mountain where none ever die.

TOBEY

(My baby girls' kitten.)

Two little totseys with shining faces,
That keep a racket in various places;
That nurses Tobey in such a way.
That he looks too delicate most to stay
Where two little robust girls oft strives,
Against one cat with just nine lives;
That keep him most too weak to purr,
With no cat-hair and but little fur;
The silent wink of his small blue eye,
Says, "I'm so weak I almost die;"
If he could talk, no doubt he would say,
"Now Maude and Marie, just run away,
For I'm so little, so weak, so poor,
I want to rest and sleep some more!"
Poor little cat—if he only knew,
The thing he has the power to do,
I think he would unsheath his claw,
And scratch some girls in Arkansas;
Then two little girls would quickly know,
To put him down and let him go.



If the sun hurts your eyes, better shut your
eyes and not try to snuff the sun out.

IF YOU HAVE

If you have a good heart keep, it;
If you have a good house, sweep it;
If you have a good field, reap it,
 And gather the golden grain.
If you meet a good man, choose him
For your friend, and don't abuse him;
If you do, you'll doubtless lose him,
 And never find him again.

TWO LETTERS

(Letter No. 1)

Searcy, Arkansas, Dec. 3, 1902.

To Rev. J. L. Brown, Charlotte, Arkansas.

To all our friends, both far and near,
 We crave your kind attention,
So please lend us now your ear,
 While we a subject mention.

The ladies of the Baptist church,
 Will hold one day, not distant far,
If we have been correctly told,
 A handkerchief bazaar.

So this then is our plan in brief,
To help along this enterprize;
You each shall send a handerchief,
Regardless of its kind or size.

To be without a handerchief,
You know is quite distressing;
From every State let one be sent,
'Twill surely prove a blessing.

LAURA RUSSELL.

(Letter No. 2.) Charlotte, Ark., Dec. 10, 1902

To Miss Laura Russell, Searcy, Ark.

I am a friend, not far, but near—
At least, I'm close enough to hear—
And so you get my kind attention,
To the subject that you mention.

I cannot lend to you my ear—
I have to keep the thing to hear—
Another reason may be plead—
Because it's fastened to my head.

Another also, will you view it—
It is so made you can't hear through it—
Another one comes up to view—
I think it is too large for you.

When women speak we men must hear,
Or things may happen to our ear;
As I don't wish to come to grief,
I'll send to you a handerchief.

I send you one, without a doubt,
That's long and healthy, big and stout,
Thats' able to resist the blows,
That comes upon it from the nose.

I know one day, without a doubt
It will get old and be blown out;
And none will then it want to keep,
Though some may say it NOSE a heap.

J. L. BROWN.

LINES TO MY WIFE

When the world looks gloomy,
And I am all blue,
And friends I once trusted,
Have proven untrue;
I know there is one,
Like the polar star, true,
Who never will fail me,
And that one is you.

BE HONEST AND TRUE

Be honest and true,
In all that you do,
Treat everyone square, on the level;
Then truly you may,
Go out any day,
And face the whole world or the devil.

But if it is seen,
You are dirty and mean,
In everything that you doeth;
Then truly, I say,
You will run away,
When no one attacks or pursueth.

If some one should stray,
A step from the way,
Don't get a hot iron to brand him;
He is only a man,
Then help what you can,
By a word or a smile that you hand him.

WHEN WE QUIT THIS WORLD OF SADNESS

When we quit this world of sadness,
Doubly so through strife and madness;
When we reach the land of gladness,

Brighter than the morning sun;
There we'll meet and greet each other,
Where no strife will ever bother;
There we'll know and love each other,
And forever will be one.

Now while here within the sorrow,
Waiting for the coming morrow,
Let us heaven's sunshine borrow,
And bestow it on our brother;
Let us seek the peace of heaven,
Seek to forgive and be forgiven,
And not cast the devil's leaven,
Into the life of one another.

THE SPRING OF 1907

(Written April 17, 1907)

When old March got,
Her back so hot,
It seemed old winter,
Sure was lost;
But April come,
And changed it some,
And now we have,
Cold winds and frost,

The frog of spring,
So loud did sing,
It seemed he sure,
 Would crack his throat;
But now he'll set,
Both cold and wet,
And never warble
 Forth one note.

In early spring,
The wild goose winged
Her way up north,
 To get her breath;
But if next fall,
She does not squall,
We'll know its 'cause
 She's froze to death

The comet's flight,
That caused such fright,
Before it burned,
 The world you know,
Has missed its trail—
Or lost its tail—
Or else has turned,
 It's fires to snow.



Some men pray the Lord to help suffering
humanity that wouldn't give a cripple tramp a
cold biscuit,

JUST LaGRIPPE

What is this that creeps upon me,
That with gripping pain doth stun me,
And with chills doth over run me,
 And with fever burns each pore?
With my head and back both aching,
While each bone feels as if breaking,
What disease is this I'm taking?
 Just LaGrippe—and nothing more.

What is this that keeps me burning,
Keeps me aching, keeps me turing,
And for rest doth keep me yearning,
 While I'm sad, and sick, and sore?
Like a vise each nerve its gripping,
Like a buzz-saw through me ripping,
Like an iceberg on me dripping?
 Just LaGrippe—and nothing more.

Nothing for it I am taking,
Stops the burning and the aching,
But my frame keeps up its shaking,
 Making me both sick and sore;
While with hate I do abjure it,
Finding naught of drug to cure it,
I must grunt while I endure it,
 Only grunt—and nothing more.

THE FAMILY EPITAH

There be four graves nearby this stone,
One family in them sleeps alone—
A father, mother, daughter, son—
Please read the thing that ailed each one.
Father drank booze, mother ate snuff,
Son smoked cigarettes—that was enough—
Daughter wore corsets laced so tight,
Squeeed up her vitals, put out her light—
If you a new grave want to cram
Go act the fool and do like them.

THE MAIDEN

With eyes like the azure blue,
And lips like a budding rose,
With slipper instead of a shoe,
That show her ankle and toes.

She smiles and winks with her eye,
While passing a miserable "bum,"
Then steps in a store to buy
Some chocolate drops and gum.

Then with a giggle and grin,
To a tune she shuffles her feet;
Beauty with her is no sin,
She thinks she has it complete.

She travels along, and lo!
Her fellow she happens to meet,
Her "beauty," her "cutey" her "beau,"
She dodges and turns from the street.

The dodge takes her form out of sight,
She is gone and her face he can't see,
But his heart beats high with delight,
At the sound of her tee-hee-hee.

Talk if you will and look wise,
Condemn the folly you see—
But red lips and bright blue eyes
Puts power into tee-hee-hee.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER SENT HOME

In a little Brown cottage,
On top of a hill,
With its trees and its vines,
Where the mocking birds build,
Is the place I call home;
'Tis the lap of my rest,
'Tis the home of my family,
The ones I love best,

THE SUNSET OF LIFE

The sun set of life
With its hallow of glory
Will soon usher in
The end of life's day;
We will lay down our pen
At the end of life's story,
Kiss the old world goodbye,
And then pass away.
Tht shadows will meet us,
The Angels will greet us
With songs of sweet gladness
And faces of light.
While Angels are singing
And pearl gates are swinging,
With glory bells ringing,
We'll bid you goodnight.

THE END



ADDENDA

Within this book some things are mixed,
Some words and lines are out of fix;
We hate the presence of the same,
But you, dear reader, arent' to blame;
Though the book may not out-live them,
We ask the reader to forgive them,
We point them out, that you may find them,
Please pass them by and never mind them.

CORRECTIONS

Page 23. The last word in the first line
should be spelled blue, not blew.

In sound they are the same—
In meaning they are two—
As the man with the blue clothes,
His blue nose blew.

Page 24. In the fifth line, fo should be of.

This is simple, all may know,
You turn one of you make a fo.

Page 28. The word protrate in the sixth line
should be portrait.

A word's a picture of a thought,
You spoil the portrait—they are naught.

Page 29. One line is left out—the ninth and
tenth lines should read,

To still a fear
To dry the tear

Page 63. Line 14, word five, should be
warmer.

Page 72. Line 11, word five, should be moral.

Page 72. The words, years before others, some never cross, occur twice—they should only occur one time.

Page 88. Only the first three verses belong to the poem "Don't Kick."

Page 101. The way the fifth line should have been, "Look on the rose, it's beauty fair, drink in.

Page 101. The last line in the second stanza should read "It soon will fade beneath the blush of morn."

Page 101. The second word in the last line of the third stanza is prove, not rove.

Page 102. Line seven in "Dirt and crook" should read "Yet in him still, we see the dirt"

Page 105. The last line in the fifth stanza, should read, "And tell us that they did not die."

Page 108. The last line in the second stanza should read, "Or the polar star hangs in the sky.

Page 162. Lines sixteen to twenty should read,

He's a man that loves peace,
He's a man that loves fusses,
He's a man that sings songs,
He's a man that says cusses.

Page 163. Line four, reads Simoon, not Simon.

The reason why this word is so,
Is 'cause the printer dropped an o.

Page 164. Line twenty should read, saloon,
not saloos.

In the saloon they have a juice,
That very soon makes men "saloos."

Page 181. Line twelve should read "No fin
on him.

No fish could ever stem the tide
If he had his fin inside.

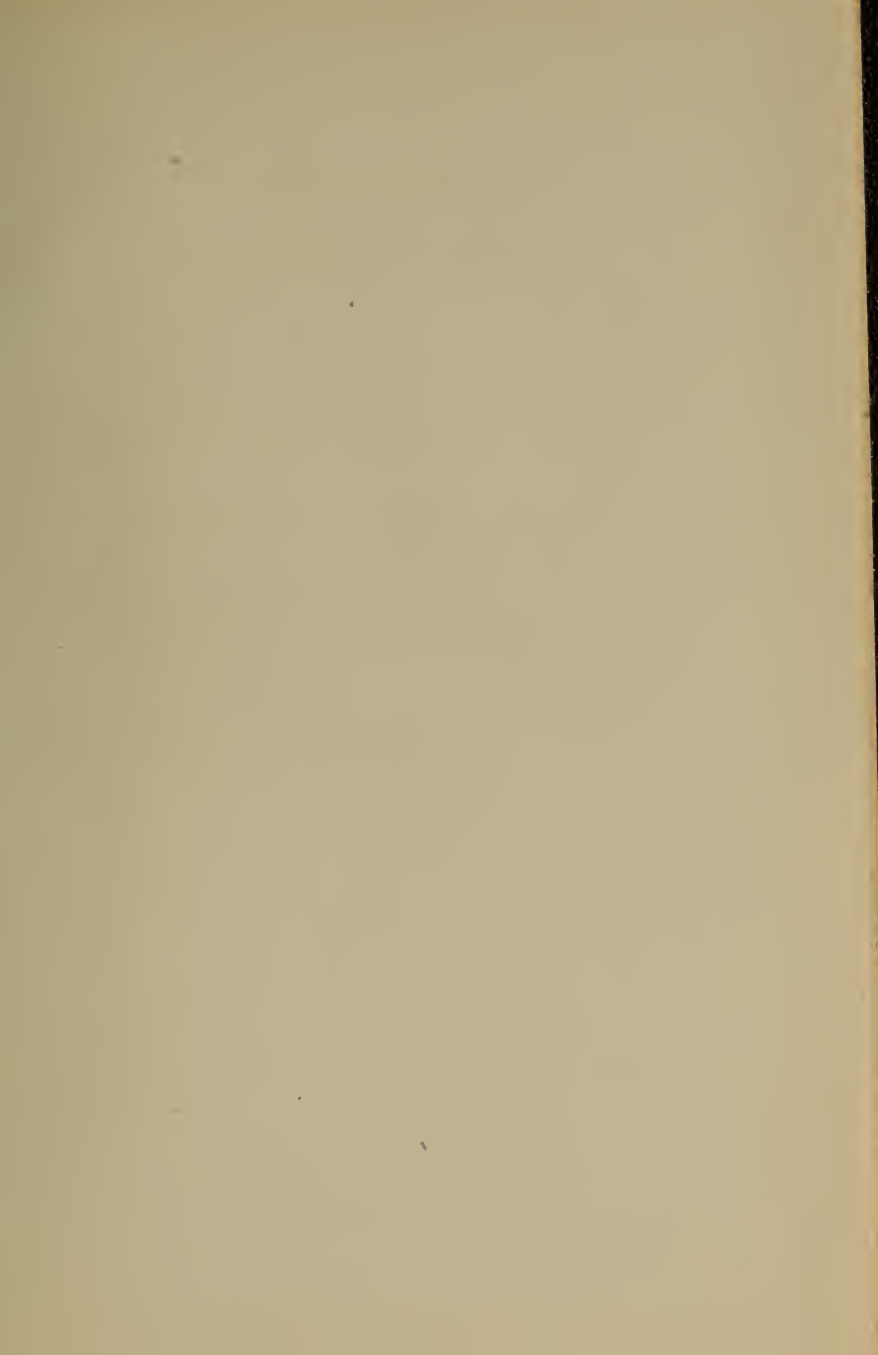
Page 181. The line "To do the work that
he'd have done, which appears three lines from
the bottom of verse, should be omitted—it don't
belong there.

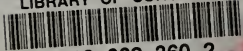
Page 216. The last words in the twelfth line
should read, whole terms, not hole term.

The printer made this "hole,"
And then fell in it;
I'm not very "holy"
But I'm "wholy" ag'in it;
The charges that I hold
Against it to bring,
Is I hold that that "hole"
Liked to spoiled the "whole" thing.

Page 218. The fourth line in the third stanza
is left out—it ought to read,

The only book used
For spelling that day,
Was Webster's old blue back,
Which held right-of-way.



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